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Pro-Slavery.

EXTINCTION OF THE FREE NEGRO POPULATION.

From The (Richmond) South.

THINKING men more and more incline to rest the support of slavery on the basis of an original and radical inferiority of the African race. Instead of pretending to justify the bondage of the negro by a reference to the rights of conquest, or by the plea that emancipation is political impossibility, writers in the interest of the South now argue from the moral and physical organization of the black man to the conclusion that nature intends him for the *status* of servitude. The facts of experience and the experiments of policy are adduced in aid of the institution of negro slavery, but ultimately its defence stands upon the theory of the essential subordination of the African to the Caucasian race.

When, therefore, the laws of the Southern States recognise the claim of a negro to personal freedom, they contradict their own argument; they repudiate their own principle; they evade the consequences of their own theory. But consistency in the case is necessary to our justification. If one negro may be free, why not another? If individuals are capable of self-government, why not the entire class? The admission is fatal to our system of defence. According to the theory upon which we elect to rest the support of slavery, a *free negro* is an anomaly in nature—is a logical absurdity—is, in short, an impossibility.

The intellect of the negro is incapable of comprehending the incompatibility between the philosophical idea of his servile destiny and the actual fact of the legal recognition of his liberty; but observation teaches him that another of the same race and blood is allowed to obey the impulses of his own capricious will, while he is subjected to the restraints and embarrassed by the burden of slavery. Here is an inequality palpable to his senses and repugnant to all his notions of justice. While the reasoning white man inquires if the compunction of a morbid sensibility, or the self-reproach of a penitent testator, can alter the essential relations of nature, the stupid slave is struck by the contrast between his own compulsory subjection and the untrammelled liberty of another negro. By the acknowledgment of the master he is taught that slavery is not the necessary condition of his race. By the unrestricted indolence of his African brother he is inoculated with a spirit of insubordination and an aspiration after a life of equal license and idleness. Hence a brooding consciousness of wrong and a restless desire for release from their bondage are apt to be engendered among slaves by contact with their free negro associates.

If, then, it be the conscientious conviction of the people of the South that they are warranted in keeping the Ethiopian in bondage by the fact of his organic inferiority, and his incapacity to subsist except by the support of a higher intelligence—if they deem it important, as a matter of practical expediency, that the slave shall be impressed with the idea that his subordinate *status* is the necessary result of the imperfect endowment of his race—if they would escape the embarrassment of self-contradiction in the argument upon which they rest the defence of their institutions, and would contribute to the stability of their social system by suppressing a mischievous element of discontent—they should make haste to correct the error of legislation by which they admit the African to a condition of liberty and tolerate the presence of a free negro population.

To the end of effecting a reconciliation between the practical legislation and the political philosophy of the South, it is essential, in the first place, to enact a positive and absolute prohibition of emancipation. The suggestion is reinforced by the consideration that the South already suffers from a deficient supply of slave labour. And in that fact we find the justification of the measure; for a community may undoubtedly impose such restrictions on the descent and alienation of property as may be thought essential to its highest interests. It may surely forbid the annihilation of property—particularly of a species of property which is indispensably necessary to its welfare, if not to its existence.

The next step in the progress of reform is to provide measures for the extinction of the free negro population. To this work the Legislature is already addressing itself with a zeal from which we would fain anticipate practical results. When such unanimity is exhibited in support of a policy, its accomplishment will scarcely be frustrated by a dispute over immaterial details.

The Legislature should sanction no scheme for the removal of free negroes from the State, except it make provision for the ultimate extinction of the entire population. We suggest no harsh or summary measure. We would respect the interests and the feelings of the unfortunate class, as far as may consist with the welfare of the Commonwealth; and with that view we would prefer a plan of gradual deportation. At the same time we would allow them the alternative of voluntary enslavement. No doubt a very large proportion of the free negro population would accept the offer rather than go into compulsory exile; and thus the slave labour of the State would receive a much needed augmentation.

But there are evils incident to the presence of free negroes in the State which must be corrected without delay. They are such as result from the indolence, vagabondism, and less culpable vices of this population, and which affect the quiet and good order rather than the security of the community. For them the remedy is obvious and simple: Instead of stripes or the penitentiary, substitute slavery as the punishment for all but capital offences. The presumption is that no negro is capable of self-government. When his own misconduct furnishes positive proof of the fact, it is no hardship to subject him to the wholesome supervision of a master who will restrain his licentious impulses and compel him to labour in the interest of the community. Vagabondism is not allowed among white men; still less should it be tolerated among free negroes, since the fact implies so much injury to society and the example exerts so pernicious an influence on the slave population. Compulsory labour is the proper corrective of an incorrigible habit of indolence.

FORETASTE OF PARSON BROWNLOW'S LECTURES.

From The New Orleans Crescent.

THE Southern people have never shown a disposition to systematically decry the civil, political nor domestic institutions of the North, but have never shrunk from a fair comparison of those institutions with their own. The people of the North, on the contrary—or quite a large portion of them—have for many years manifested an opposite disposition and pursued an opposite course. They have heaped upon the South, from the press, the pulpit, the rostrum, and through every available channel of publicity, the most unmitigated abuse, and the most unscrulous and infamous slanders; and, not content with this, they have defamed private character, and endeavoured to place the slaveholder before the world in a light odious to humanity. It is but natural and just that the aspersions of this lying horde of fanatics should be answered—not precisely in their own style, with slanders and abuse, but by holding up to view the actual, social and political deformities for which they are responsible, exhibiting their motives and themselves in the proper aspect, and challenging the comparison to which we allude above.

This task has been undertaken by the Rev. W. G. Brownlow, the well-known editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig*, who proposes to perform it not only in the South, but in the North, and he is well qualified to perform it thoroughly. If the freedom-shriekers hear much less than the truth from him, we are mistaken in the man. We listened to a portion of his lecture upon this subject last evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall, and could not help anticipating how, when he shall arrive in the "modern Athens," the black philanthropists thereof will *wriggle in their chairs*, under the peculiar style in which he proclaims his views of their claims to morality and decency. For example, giving a history of the Church difficulties North and South, which have led to a complete sundering of all relations between them, he remarked that he was acquainted with many members of his own Church in the North, but *he had no sort of confidence in the best of them*; the pious portion of Abolition society was, no doubt, the best portion of it, but in even that he had no confidence whatever; his Church had separated, the South from the North, but he hazarded nothing in asserting that the Southern portion was doing more for the temporal and eternal welfare of the negro "than all the freedom-shriekers out of hell"; the "pious" Abolitionists would enter his church on Sunday, "with a face as long as the moral law," descant upon and bewail the wrongs and miseries heaped upon the down-trodden son of Africa, and on the following day, in his picayune grocery or candy store, would, if he could, *swindle a Louisiana negro out of the pewter ornament on the head of his walking-stick, and do it in the name of the Lord.* "When I get to Heaven," continued the reverend gentleman, "where I expect to go, after my death, if I find a regular-built Abolitionist there, I shall conclude that he has practised a fraud upon the doorkeeper; for, in my opinion, a Kansas agitator and freedom-shrieker has no more business in our Father's Kingdom than Commodore Paulding had in Nicaragua when he captured the filibusters." Persons who did not hear Mr. Brownlow, reading this, might deem such a style of alluding to sacred things rather offensive; but we are satisfied, from the earnest and impressive manner in which he delivered himself, that his somewhat peculiar figures and illustrations were *prompted by no feelings of levity nor want of respect for things having the odour of sanctity.* He felt and meant what he said, and very properly expressed himself in the most terse and vigorous style he could command. If all lecturers would follow his example, they would perhaps be surprised at their own success.

Parson Brownlow, as he is familiarly called, has posted himself pretty thoroughly upon the subject of Slavery and the comparative morality of the North and South. He recapitulated the arguments in support of the institution with great clearness, citing its almost universal diffusion over the earth and its sanction by the Divine will, as revealed in the Holy Writ, as the strongest evidences of its authentic and legitimate character. The great reformers of the world, he said, never made war upon the civil governments under which they lived, for the purpose of accomplishing their ends, as do our vagabond Abolitionists. In their tirades against slavery the Abolition Methodists of the North quote John Wesley against the Methodists of the South, but it was a fact well established that when Mr. Wesley returned to London from his visit to Savannah, Ga., he advised the Mission Society to purchase more negro slaves for the use of the Missions in this country.

He briefly sketched the origin and history of the slave trade, dwelling upon the facts that the first and heaviest importations of slaves were made by New Englanders into New England ports, and that up to the present day the traffic is mainly carried on by New Englanders in New England vessels. The essential difference between the South and New England, as regards slavery, is that they steal the negroes and we hold them; they do not hold them because they cannot make their labour profitable, but they furnish them to us, and then, after they are paid for, deny our right of possession. He did not think the slave trade so horrible as it had been represented, but he was not in favour of its prosecution by this country, nor was the South in favour of it. Last winter, a resolution was introduced into Congress by Mr. Orr, a true Southern man, declaring strongly against the revival of the slave trade, and it passed almost unanimously, nearly the entire Southern representation voting for it.

We could not remain to the close of Mr. B's remarks, but we heard sufficient to satisfy us that the wool will fly when he gets among the "screechers." Boston Common will experience a new sensation when his voice is heard upon it, or we are greatly mistaken.

FIFTY YEARS IN CHAINS, or the Life of an American Slave. Published by H. Dayton, 29 Ann street, New York.

This work purports to be a life of an American slave, during a half century of bondage. It is a grouping together of shocking incidents of starvation, murder, violence, and cruelty of every description, and though, as a romance, it may be very interesting to those who delight in horrible details, we cannot accept it as a *true* life of an American slave. Slavery we believe to be a terrible stain upon our Republic; but do not feel that the best way to obliterate it is by violent and *untrue* representations of the character of those who, reared amidst its influences, believe honestly that law, both human and divine, sanctions and upholds the system. It is not by misrepresentation and falsehood that they are to be turned from this belief, and made to regard slavery as a wrong and outrage against God and humanity.

We do not believe that American slaves are systematically starved, or cruelly beaten, for pleasure and amusement, or that they are ever flayed alive upon mere suspicion of crime, without giving them a hearing, or allowing them to make an explanation in their own defence. We do know, however, that there are bad men and women, to be found North and South, who will maltreat and abuse those in their power, when no law interposes to protect the victim or punish the offender.

Before the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies, laws were enacted to protect them from cruelty and ill usage, and no man was allowed to beat a negro, but, if he was guilty of any offence, was obliged to report it to a magistrate, and have the punishment decided upon by him, and administered by an officer of the law. Some such laws should be enacted by our Southern States; and we doubt not, if a petition, temperately worded, should be gotten up with such view, many good and merciful men would be willing to exert their influence to procure the passage of such an act, and we would no longer hear of brutalities practised by masters against slaves.—*Philadelphia Woman's Advocate.*

Selections.

DEBAUCHERY OF CONSCIENCE BY THE POLICY OF THE TRACT SOCIETY.

SOME time ago, we had occasion to advert to the debauchery of the public conscience, and of what we may call the conscience of the pulpit, through the example set by the American Tract Society, of concealing and keeping back the testimony of the Word of God against the iniquity of American slavery. We promised that we would, at some other time, go more fully into the consideration of this matter, especially of the way in which the policy of ministers and churches has been determined and made habitual by the policy of the Tract Society. The recent forcible document put forth by Congregational pastors and ministers in two counties in the State of Vermont is so thorough, concentrated and unanswerable an exposure of the principles and disastrous influence of that policy, that our proposed work is almost a business of supererogation.

"As now conducted," remarks that document, "the Society dissents from the great body of evangelical Christians *on points* which, in their estimation, *are of fundamental importance to the interests of true piety and sound morals.* As, in compliance with the demands of an unreasonable and wicked faction, it refuses to give utterance to the convictions of the Christian world on such points, its name and the names of its officers are no longer trustworthy vouchers for the evangelical character of its publications. As now conducted it has proved UNFAITHFUL TO ITS OWN CONSTITUTION; TO THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY AND OF GOD; TO THE CAUSE OF TRUTH AND OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION. By throwing itself, as it has done, as a shield between slavery and the public sentiment of Christendom opposed to slavery, it has become the ENEMY OF LIBERTY, AND THE BULWARK OF OPPRESSION.

"As thus conducted, it is the corrupter of public law, and of the principles of morality; and, by giving countenance to the notion that peace and joy in the Holy Ghost may be promoted, and may exist, without practical righteousness, it becomes A MIGHTY CORRUPTER OF THE RELIGION OF THE GOSPEL."

A mighty corrupter of the religion of the Gospel! This is a great and fearful charge against a prominent Christian Institution, into whose treasury has flowed an annual contribution of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and which has comprehended in its confidence, and under its influence, a large proportion of the churches of almost every evangelical denomination. Nevertheless, this charge is thoroughly substantiated by the course so long pursued, and now persisted in, by the officers of the Society, in regard to the all-controlling iniquity of slavery in our country. A debauchery of the public conscience, and an insensibility and perversion of the moral sense of the churches and the ministry, have ensued upon the concealment, support and justification of this wickedness, extending into all provinces of morality and religion. The astounding defalcations, frauds and breaches of trust, in individuals and corporations hitherto supposed possessed of the very soul of integrity and honour, may be traced in no small degree to the influence of this policy. A distinguished legal gentleman, in a neighbouring State, recently remarked that it would be an interesting investigation, if it could be pursued, to find how much the Tract Society had done to prepare the way for the iniquity of the Dred Scott decision, so debauching the public mind on the subject of slavery that the Judges have found the obstacles levelled or removed that otherwise would have stood opposed and insurmountable to their wicked promulgation.

But the point before us now is the appointed and encouraged policy in preaching. The Tract Society is either more than the preaching of the Gospel or it is less. If it is more, then we ought to abolish the supremacy of our pulpits, and set this machinery upon the throne, with the preaching as a mere appendage of the Tract Agency. If it is less, then is it an impertinence and mischievous madness to suffer its predominance *above* the Gospel, to allow it to set the law *for* the Gospel. If it is less, then we do not want it; it is a waste of means, at the cost of a dreadful sacrifice of moral power. It consumes an amount of money, which might be more profitably employed in supporting the whole Gospel, and at the same time renders it impossible that the Gospel should be plainly preached.

But if it is the Gospel, then is it subject to all the laws of the Gospel. With the Gospel, no concealment is admissible. It cannot be made a question whether the whole Gospel shall be preached, whether that which is offensive shall be concealed. It was never laid down as a rule by the Lord Jesus that the preaching of the cross must be modified to suit prevailing sins, or that it must not be preached unless all agreed to it. On the contrary, it was predicted that men, on account of their sins, would reject it, and would persecute the preachers of it; and the appointed remedy for this was by no means a concealment of the Gospel, but a persevering and full presentation of it, if not there, then in some other place. It was never ordained or permitted to conceal the testimony of the Gospel against any prevailing wickedness. On the contrary, it was enjoined, both in the Old and New Testament, that every truth should be fully spoken. And as to sin, if any withheld the testimony of the truth against it, they were themselves partakers of it. "Thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbour; thou shalt not suffer sin upon him."

But here we have a deliberate argument, and we have seen it taken up and reiterated in the newspapers, and have heard it enforced by church-members, that inasmuch as there are two sides, two parties, the Gospel must be silent. Inasmuch as it cannot speak with hope of doing good, if there is prejudice in the way, it must be silent. It must speak only when there is only one side. If a prevailing practice is said by some not to be sinful, by others sinful, the Gospel must be silent. It must be silent, because, if spoken out, it is sure to offend and repel some, and the rule is, *Giving none offence*, neither to the Jews nor the Gentiles.

But were there not two such parties when Paul was in Judea? There certainly were; and one of them was the Tract party, for concealing and mutilating the Gospel, so that it might take in the Jews and their justification by the law of circumcision. The other was the party against all compromise, the party for pressing the simple Gospel rule. According to the Tract policy, Paul must have said not one word concerning circumcision, but must have adopted the famous attempted and exploded gag of the Young Men's Christian Association, to permit no discussion at all on any subject on which there was any difference of opinion. To whom we gave way by subjection, says Paul, no, not for an hour: THAT THE TRUTH OF GOD MIGHT REMAIN WITH YOU.

If the principle of concealment is right in preaching by tracts, so it is in preaching by sermons. This questioning of sinners as to what sins they will choose to have exposed, and what tenderly treated or justified, this writing letters to them, all over the land, to inquire beforehand whether they will hear or forbear, teaches a time-serving, man-fearing policy, to every pulpit in our land. This rule of not preaching at all on any subject that would cause disturbance and division of feeling in the congregation is the gag-law, which has been attempted in our cities.

If the principle of cowardice, and of silence through fear of man, is right for a vast, rich corporation, much more is it for a rich church, or for a poor single-handed Pastor. If a Tract Society may conceal the truth for fear of diminishing its receipts, or incurring the ill-will of its subscribers, much more may a Pastor conceal it for fear of losing his place, and a church for fear of diminishing their pew-revenues. A Pastor would certainly be justified in concealing the testimony of the Word of God against the sin of drunkenness, if there were four or five drinking chief men in his Society who would turn him out of his office and prevent his preaching the Gospel at all to that people, if he preached against drunkenness. He must not even preach upon the *evils* of drunkenness, nor upon the *duties* which the existence of drunkenness, as a domestic institution, imposes. Those who argue for the silence of the Tract Society in regard to slavery might just as properly argue for the silence of the Pastor, and the ministry in general, as to every form of defended sin.

There is a great difference of opinion as to what constitutes drunkenness. Some say it is sin *per se* to touch, taste, or handle. Some say that every creation of God is good, and drunkenness is only the abuse of a good thing, as slavery is only the abuse of a good thing. Some say that what others call intemperance is temperance; others say that the temperance of Timothy is intemperance. Here are, at least four parties, North, South, East, West. Between them all, the minister cannot please all, and therefore he must be silent. And the Tract Society itself, according to the assumptions of its officers in regard to slavery, is bound to be silent on the sin of drunkenness.

Some time ago a member of the Executive Committee of the Tract Society insisted, in the course of an argument about the wrongfulness and meanness of mutilating books on the subject of slavery, that the mere erasure of the word slavery was a very little matter. The word, he said, did not occupy a place as big as a sixpence in the whole volume! And so, indeed, the erasure of a cypher is a small matter in a note, in which you are proved to be owing a thousand pounds; but that little erasure makes you a forger, a defrauder, a thief.

You are looking at the heavens with a telescope, to observe the transit of a heavenly body; and at the very moment when it should be seen, some meddler interposes a bit of leaf, the bigness of a sixpence, between the lenses, and your instrument is crippled and helpless. Yet the leaf bears no proportion to the star, is nothing to it, not so much as the hundred thousand millionth part of one of its acres; not so much as the single word *Slavery* to the bulk and contents of all the libraries in the world.

You are on a voyage, and your course is set for the harbour whither you are appointed. Some one has contrived to alter the points of the compass, just one point, or to obliterate, on your chart, just one little landmark, which, in all the calculations of the navigators in those seas, is always taken into consideration. It was only an alteration not so big as a sixpence, but you lose your vessel, and perhaps your life, by it.

The obliteration of the word SLAVERY in a volume of warning against the prevalent forms of human covetousness, is a deliberate withholding and withdrawing of all the truth, all the weight of judgment and of condemnation, that would otherwise have come down upon that sin. The introduction of the word in Harris's Volume upon Covetousness was a providential and most powerful testimony in that work, against one of the most appalling ever perpetrated, and against the most appalling ever justified, in human society. Because that form is *ours*, because that most stupendous of sins against society is *our sin*, therefore, according to all the principles promulgated in the Word of God, the testimony against it should have been retained. What treason against God, and treachery toward man, to strike it out; and what infinite meanness and cowardice to do this in fear and trembling of offending the sinner; and what an example of servile, base, irreligious expediency, taught by a great Christian Institution! By that one little erasure the whole power of that book, and its testimony, in that important direction, was destroyed. It is as if a witness were taken away and put in prison; nay, it is the slaying of the witness. It is the same spirit which threw Jeremiah into the dungeon. It is the same spirit that threatened Micaiah with prison and death if he did not so present his testimony as to square with that of the false prophets. It is the same spirit that would have gagged and sacrificed Amos, betraying him bound into the power of the tyrant.

Shall this spirit, example and career be imitated and sustained by the ministry and the churches? Shall it be indorsed? Shall it be permitted to take another step of concealment and treachery, spiking the guns of God's Word, and unlimbering them, in the face of a foe so cruel, so relentless, so remorseless, so resolute, so regardless of God and man, as slavery in our land?—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

SLAVERY IN OUR DIPLOMACY.

EXTRAORDINARY ADDRESS OF MR. R. K. MEADE.

WE learn from *The Washington Union* that Mr. R. K. Meade, the new American Minister to Brazil, reached Rio Janeiro on the 30th November last, and had an audience with the Emperor on the 6th of December following, having been formally presented by Mr. Trousdale, Mr. Meade's predecessor. Upon his presentation to the Emperor, the new Minister delivered the following remarkable address, which we copy from *The Union*, marking with Italics a surprising passage relating to the common interest of Brazil and the United States in the institution of slavery:

"SIRE: I have the honour to present to your Imperial Majesty my credentials as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Brazil.

"In accrediting a Minister to this Government, mine is not thereby merely discharging a courteous duty to the greatest power of the South American continent, but is giving expression to its sincere desire to unite with the Imperial Government of Brazil in maintaining a policy that shall forever bind the two countries in bonds of peace and friendship, give additional life and energy to an already growing and prosperous commerce, and finally result in the permanent wealth, prosperity and power of two great nations, in whose destinies are wrapped up those of the two great continents in which they respectively exist.

"My government is duly impressed with the points of resemblance and identity of interest which should make the ties between the two countries indissoluble, and direct the policy and aspirations of each. An equal extent of territory, of gigantic dimensions, gives to each nation an assurance of future power that lifts it above the reach of uneasy apprehensions, and imparts to its position a dignity that belongs only to conscious strength.

"Their approximation, in many respects, in their political, constitutional organization is well calculated to encourage political and social sympathies promotive of mutual benefits and future commercial progress, *while an institution common to both countries, fixed and deeply rooted in their soil (with many hostile prejudices to encounter from without), does now establish an affinity between them, and will insure, for mutual defence, a unity of action and feeling that will prove invincible in the future.*

"The President of the United States, sire, will at all times be happy to be assured of the health and happiness of your Majesty and the Imperial family of Brazil."

In the reply of the Emperor no attention is paid to Mr. Meade's overture on the subject of slavery. His Majesty confined himself to the following generalities.

"On receiving the letter by which the President of the United States has accredited you in the capacity of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to my Government, I have sincerely to thank him for this new proof of his friendship, and it is highly gratifying to me to hear the friendly expressions of the sentiments inspired by the relations of the United States with Brazil, which sentiments Brazil retributes to the same extent; and, aware of the duties imposed on it by the position it occupies among the nations of South America, will continue to employ, as hitherto, its lawful influence for the prosperity of the neighbouring States."

The journals of Rio Janeiro comment at length on the reception of the new Minister, but not a word do they respond to what he evidently regarded as the principal point of his speech. They are apparently not such fanatics as he is, and not ready yet to form an alliance of Brazil and the United States against the world-wide one of human bondage.—*Tribune.*

SKETCHES OF BARBADOES—RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION, &c.

BARBADOES, West Indies, Jan. 9th, 1858.

MESSRS. BREWSTER: Though I did not promise you a letter, I suppose you will be pleased to have some account of this beautiful island, which was formerly much visited by Portsmouth merchants, if I mistake not. I arrived here the 8th of December and found the thermometer in the middle of the day at 82 deg., and it has not varied more than two degrees since, at the same hour. The island is 20 miles long and 14 wide. The eastern and northern coasts are belted with coral reefs, which prevent the approach of vessels of more than fifty tons. The surface of the island is low, and is diversified by gently undulating hills. In the north, however, Mount Hilloby rises to the height of 1,147 feet. The climate is hot, but not unhealthy. There are several bituminous springs, some of which furnish green tar, used as a substitute for pitch and lamp oil. The great staple or product of the island is sugar, and it is cultivated from end to end like a garden, without a fence, by happy, *free* labourers. Land is worth twice as much as it was under slavery. A large plantation has just been sold for $500 an acre; and to show that free labour is more economical and profitable than slave labour, the Governor of the Windward Islands made to me the following statement: "The estate called 'Haines's Fields,' parish of St. John's, containing 300 acres, in time of slavery produced 250 hhds. of 1,600 pounds each, or 24,000 pounds per annum; and was worked by 230 slaves, worth $250 each, or $57,500. Interest on that capital, at 6 per cent. (to say nothing of the wear and tear of slaves), is $3,450. Cost of clothing, medicine, food, &c., $17 50 each, or $4,025. The same estate is now worked by 60 adults and 30 children, and the cost of labour is $3,855. The average product of each labourer during slavery was 1,043 pounds, and now it is 3,664 pounds of sugar. The value of the estate when worked by slaves was $75,000. It has since been sold for $150,000."

The Governor resides here, and this is the head-quarters of the troops. The soldiers are of all colours, from white to jet black. The various schools are attended by about 10,000 pupils, and much attention is given to education. Yesterday I was at the examination of more than 100 children of both sexes. They appeared well; and though most of them were coloured and negroes, the school would put to the blush some of our boasted New England schools. The Governor and Lord Bishop were present; and at the close of the exercises, the Governor gave to the best pupils presents of books; and I was much pleased to see that three coal-black boys were among those who bore off the prizes. To me it was a *beautiful* sight to see coloured and white children sitting together, and I could not help wishing a certain New England lady had been present, who lately remarked to me that she did not think coloured children should be permitted to go to school with white boys. As she has great reverence for a bishop, I think, if she could have seen his "lordship" smile upon the little blackamoors, she would have repented. In our boasted land of freedom and equality, it is thought by some (the number is becoming less hourly, thank God) that a white child will be contaminated by sitting on the same form with a child whose skin is a shade darker than his; while in Victoria's monarchical realms, through the whole length and breadth of them, there is no distinction, except that of merit. The lady of the Governor has just given a ball, and I am told the coloured ladies were much sought for as partners in the dance, and that a coal black-lady, Miss Bourne, was the most richly dressed lady in the assembly. The Governor told me that he had to dine with him the officers of our steam frigate, the Saranac, the other day, and that he had invited at the same time a coloured gentleman from a neighbouring island. Some of the officers were, no doubt, from the South, but they were glad to drink wine with a man of dark skin, at the Governor's table.

This is one of the most important of the West India Islands. Its position to the windward of all the others, its being the seat of government, of great width and highly productive, are some of the principal circumstances which have conduced to its being so highly estimated. This island was one of the first colonized, has never been conquered, but has been in possession of the British since it was discovered. The climate of Barbadoes is mild and agreeable, rarely subject to any great fluctuations. Hot and parching winds are unknown—calms are uncommon; the air is almost constantly cooled by the trade winds. Droughts of long duration are very rare, as is also protracted and continuous rain. Seldom a day passes without a shower, but they only last a few minutes. The mean annual temperature is about 80 degrees. The hottest part of the day is between 2 and 3 o'clock p. m. After sunset the temperature rapidly falls, and continues to fall slowly through the night. At 10 o'clock it is commonly at 80 deg.; just before sunrise it is often below 76 deg. The season of the greatest heat is from about the middle of May to the middle of November. The coolest season is in the months of December, January and February, I am told. I have now been here 32 days, and my thermometer has indicated 78 deg at 8 o'clock a. m. and 82 deg. at 1 o'clock p. m. on twelve of the days. It is truly a delightful climate in the winter and very healthy. Fires are *never* wanted to warm fingers and toes. One of my greatest luxuries is a swim in the sea every morning at sunrise, rain or shine, regardless of sharks. The water is 78 deg. Dr. F. will not, I think, bathe more times this winter than I shall. In dating my letters, I forget for a moment that it is January, and was about to write July or August. How can it be otherwise, when the little garden under my windows is full of roses and other flowers, and the birds are singing in the trees?

It is pleasant to see the happy faces of the black and coloured people. According to the census of 1851, it would appear that the total population of this island was 135,939: 15,824 whites, 30,059 coloured and 90,056 negroes. The emancipated, in their peaceful behaviour at least, show themselves worthy of the boon of freedom; affording an example ever to be remembered of the influence of justice and humanity in allaying the angry passions and promoting good will and order, those best bonds of society. Not a single outrage was committed in the excitement of the moment; not a single act of revenge was perpetrated, then or after, that is recorded. There appeared to be a complete oblivion or forgiveness of all past wrongs and hard usage—all bad feelings seemed to be overpowered by one of gratitude for the benefit conferred.

The quantity of sugar made in 1839, by slave labour, was 27,234 hhds. In 1856, 40,431 hhds. were made by free hands, and the estimate for 1858 is 50,000 hhds. That alone shows what has been gained by manumission, to say nothing of the present value of land compared with the price it sold for when it was wet with the tears and blood of slaves. Land is *now* worth $500 an acre; *then* the same land was worth only $250.

This colony may well be called a sugar colony, from the great staple of its agriculture, the sugar cane. Little was it imagined, four centuries ago, when sugar was used as a medicine, and was to be purchased only in the shop of the apothecary, that it would become, as it now is, almost a necessary.

You will be surprised, no doubt, to learn that there are negro men on this island, who have been slaves, that are worth their hundreds of thousands of dollars. I passed a day with *London Bourne* (who was a slave), on his plantation of 340 acres, three miles from town, and every acre is worth $500. He sent his phaeton for me, and at his house I met the white curate of the parish, and the Hon. Seale Yearwood, member of Assembly.

I passed several hours in the highest criminal court of the island, presided over by Sir R. B. Clarke. The magistrates who set with him are white and coloured. The grand and petit jurors are of all colours, from white to black. The Police Court is presided over by Mr. Cummins, a coloured magistrate, and he despatched business as well as your humane Judge Odell, and lays it on to delinquents a *little* harder.

On the whole, the condition of the coloured people here does not give much colour to the theory of the inferiority of the negro race, or their absolute incapacity to take care of themselves. It may well be doubted whether white people, of any country, with no more advantages to begin with than they, would have succeeded any better. I do not agree with Sir John Bowring, who told me in 1835 that he believed the negro to be superior to the white man; but, from my observation, I think him fully equal. Poor white persons, here, are now supported by their former slaves. Mechanics and labourers, of every description, are *exclusively* coloured and black.

Vain and fond of finery, when dressed for display, as on Sundays, the coloured race are as much overdressed, as the contrary, when they are in their ordinary everyday attire. Labouring men may be seen going to church with white kid gloves on their hands, their garments in keeping, accompanied by their wives and daughters, wearing gay bonnets, dresses of silk or muslin, and using parasols. They appear to have no sense of the incongruous or ridiculous. Thus dressed, they are not only civil, but somewhat ceremonious, and fond of using and receiving the title of *Mister* and *Misses*, and of making inquiry after each other's health. A light-hearted people, given to pleasure and amusement, they are fond of dancing and singing; and when they begin, they hardly know when to stop.

Barbadoes possesses many adqantages; a good local government, regulating in a great measure its own affairs; courts of law, in which it is believed justice is fairly administered; an efficient police; adequate prisons and places of correction, kept in good order; a hospital under excellent management, supported chiefly by subscription; a lunatic asylum; good roads; an inland daily post throughout the island; a college and schools of various kinds, affording excellent means of education *for all colours;* a public library; "churches," one to each parish, and other places of public worship, in which the services of religion are decorously conducted, by ministers who have, I believe, the respect of their congregations—and not least so, those of the Wesleyan Methodists and Moravians, who were, to their honour be it said, the first to exert themselves in the instruction of the negroes in the time of slavery. In every church I have attended, all colours sit promiscuously, in the body of the houses; and the choirs are made up of every hue, from white to coal black.

When the cholera was in this place, Henry P. Nightingale, a merchant of the very darkest hue, lay apparently at the point of death. A white man sent to inform him that his note for $2,000 had matured, and that he would like payment or security. Mr. Nightingale sent a check to the president of the only bank here, with his request that the bank would pay all his obligations that might fall due, till he was able to attend again to his own business—which request was complied with strictly. It has done me good to take such a man by the hand, and to ride in his coach; with himself and wife and daughters.

One of the "cleverest" papers on this island, *The Liberal*, is edited and owned by Hon. Mr. Prescod, member of Assembly, a mulatto. Mr. P. gave his testimony in favour of abolition. He was in England at the time it occurred. The whole proprietary body expected to be inevitably ruined by the measure. One proprietor committed suicide when the act went into effect, through absolute despair. Yours, &c., C. T.

VERMONT STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON: One of my most agreeable experiences, during the present winter, was at the State Anti-Slavery Convention, last week, in Vermont. Had not the fatigue and exposure of it been too much for my health, I should have furnished you a much more extended account of it than is now in my power.

The following is an extract from the Call:

"The undersigned hereby respectfully invite their fellow-citizens to meet in Convention at Bradford, Vt., on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 26th and 27th of January, 1858, to consult, discuss and determine with reference to the evil of SLAVERY, and to adopt such measures and take such action as the importance of the subject and the state of the times demand."

In its *origin*, the Convention was, of course, Garrisonian; for I believe no other *Anti-Slavery Convention proper* is now ever called; though the Governor of the State, His Excellency Ryland Fletcher, headed the long list of signers to the Call, with his own name, not expecting to endorse, as he surely did not endorse, by so doing, any other sentiments than his own. He was also among the first on the ground, and last to leave it, though living in quite another part of the State.

The weather and travelling were most inauspicious; though this could hardly be considered calamitous, for had more people come, we should have had no place for them, especially in the evening, when we were literally crowded to the walls. Most of the arrangements were made by Rev. Mr. Johnston, an excellent minister of the Old School Scotch Covenanter Church, the only denomination in the country that occupies genuine Anti-Slavery ground. He told the Convention that the intention was to have all classes of professed Anti-Slavery men equally represented; and that three prominent speakers had been invited, and were confidently expected, on the part of the political Abolitionists. Of these three, however, only Gov. Fletcher appeared, though several others took a more or less prominent part.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, and its sentiments, were most ably and admirably supported by Rev. Mr. Sloane, of New York, and Charles L. Remond, besides Wm. Wells Brown, Rev. Mr. Johnston, Benjamin W. Dyer, and others. Mr. William Goodell, of New York, was also present, on behalf of the Gerrit Smith political party, and took a prominent part in the discussions.

As you will no doubt be furnished with an official copy of the proceedings, I will not speak of the officers, or of anything relative to the organization and preliminaries. The work of *getting ready to work* was rather difficult, like the launching of the Leviathan over on the Thames; but once fairly afloat, we glided away in the most gallant manner imaginable.

Most of the resolutions were quite up to those of any of our anniversaries in New York or Boston, and every one passed with the greatest unanimity, except that relating to Disunion and a new Northern Republic. On that, we had most of our discussion, and I have seldom witnessed so earnest and able a debate, in all my attendance on public deliberations, and surely none ever conducted in better temper and spirit. Gov. Fletcher is an admirable debater, possessing, in a truly eminent degree, almost every quality requisite to give him command over the mind and heart of his audience. His condemnations of slavery and pro-slavery, in Church as well as State, and of prejudice against colour, were worthy the Garrisonian platform; and would have elicited applause from our most uncompromising friends in any part of the country. Should a slave-hunter be found prowling in his neighbourhood, he would probably find that "General Stark" and "Molly Stark" did not die without descendants; and that whatever he might do in Boston or Cincinnati, Vermont will tolerate no Anthony Burns or Margaret Garner scene within her borders.

We had a most spirited, though rather triangular, debate of several hours, on the character of the Union and Constitution. Wm. Goodell denied the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, while we affirmed it, and the Governor and the Republicans, standing between, were severely galled by the fire of both, though only returning ours. The last evening meeting was one of the sublimest spectacles of the kind I ever witnessed. It was opened with an address from Rev. Mr. Sloane, that will not soon be forgotten by any who heard it, taking the extreme ground of no Union with Slaveholders in Church or Government. Mr. Goodell and Gov. Fletcher both spoke with great force and earnestness against dissolution. The Governor, for the hundreth time, perhaps, urged his most false, as well as ridiculous, argument, that we have no moral right to dissolve the Union, because it would cut us off from the slaves, and prevent our ever acting any more for their deliverance, thus leaving them, as he said, forever and hopelessly in the power of their masters. While he was urging so absurd a doctrine, it was hard indeed to have faith in his sincerity—nothing else in the whole Convention seemed so much like unfairness as that. When the Resolutions were presented by the Business Committee, although many of them were very radical, only that relating to Disunion awakened any deep emotion, even among the most conservative persons present. As soon as all had been read, a clergyman present, in a rather excited manner, moved that that one (which was the 8th, I believe) be "*dismissed without discussion.*" He urged his motion with a very strong application of very weak reasons. He was, however, induced so to modify his motion as to allow that resolution to come up in regular course. The audience evidently felt more interest in that than in any of the others, and so hurried us to it with all possible speed, by passing those preceding it, without much, if any, discussion; and before we closed, there seemed good ground to believe we could have passed that also by a handsome majority. The argument for the Union gradually grew weaker and weaker, or rather its value seemed less and less, until all the merit it could boast was that it was inseparable from the Constitution; but in itself considered, as a bargain with the slaveholders, was only a curse and as a bargain with the slaveholders, was only a curse and a crime. We on our part admitted the value of the Constitution in almost every particular, and were willing to adopt most of its provisions into our new Northern Non-Slaveholding Republic.

Finally, after a very

o'clock, a man who had the most interest in the school, and who had a large pecuniary interest in the house, went to it and saw that no damage was done—that the fire was all safe, &c. In less than an hour and a half, the flames were seen over a high hill by the same man. Before 11 o'clock the roof had fallen in, and everything was burned to ashes but the log-walls and rafters. I am particular to be thus minute, that it may be seen that the house was set on fire by an incendiary.

It is not positively known who applied the torch, but it might be easily proven who are accessory to the crime. An attempt, however, to punish the criminals would be fruitless if it were undertaken. Three wealthy men in an adjoining neighbourhood were heard to say publicly that they would give $20 each to fee a lawyer to defend the wretch in case he should be apprehended, and, if that were not enough, they would get up a subscription of a thousand dollars for his benefit. I am under the impression that slaveholders little realize what they do when they shield and encourage such villains. They are only teaching them to use the bow for the slaughter of their own protectors. In this case (and probably in most cases of such crimes), the tools who executed the work of burning the house are persons who have no *principle* against the sentiments of Abolitionists. There is but one opinion in the neighbourhood as to who committed the crime. And as proof that the suspected persons have no principle against the Abolitionists is the fact that, not eight months ago, these same persons cordially received a Northern preacher to their houses, attended his meetings and took a part in them, when all the time they knew him to be a thorough-going and outspoken Abolitionist—ay, further, he was first invited into this neighbourhood by them when they knew his sentiments.

Now, if slaveholders will protect and encourage such characters in their outrages upon their neighbours of more just and liberal sentiments, and thus drive off their best citizens, by such means, they may possibly obliterate the last spark of moral sense and feeling of justice and equity from the hearts of their non-slaveholding neighbours, and teach them that "might is right."

And when they have succeeded in destroying the last regard for human rights, and shall have fully inculcated their doctrine of oppression, may they not expect that their white slaves, more degraded than the blacks themselves, will arise and use their superior "might" against the oppressor? They have been educated to "rob the just," and can they not then "spoil the oppressor" with a clear conscience. He who will rob one man will rob another.

G. Candee.

THE EXILED BOOKSELLER OF MOBILE.

STATEMENT OF WILLIAM STRICKLAND.

Milwaukee, Wis., January, 1858.

I have never for an instant blamed the people of Mobile for the gross wrong perpetrated against me. When the outrage occurred I believed, and the whole tenor of evidence during my recent visit strengthened the belief, that a clique of misguided men, led on by a few bitter personal enemies and others, interested in driving me away, were the sole cause of the trouble.

During the 31st of December and 1st of January last I was greeted on every hand in the kindest and most friendly manner by all with whom I came in contact; I cannot recollect a single exception.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I am desirous of detailing to my late fellow-citizens the mean, dastardly, cowardly course this band pursued to drive me away:

I had been in the city about two hours when Mr. John Hall—of the firm of Dargan & Hall—as I passed through Royal street, requested me to step up into his office, where, in presence of Judge Dargan and a gentleman unknown to me, he stated that he was instructed by Dr. Woodcock to say to me that I could not remain in the city—that I had better leave. My reply was such as, I presume, satisfied Mr. Hall that no species of intimidation in the power of Dr. Woodcock could prevent me from remaining and trying to settle up my late business, the sole motive of my journey from Milwaukee of fifteen hundred miles.

The next open effo.t to intimidate was this: Mr. Marks, daguerrian, calling at my room at the Battle House, on the morning of the 1st of January, and directing my attention to the advertisement in *The Tribune* of that morning, which read:

Attention, Lunenbergers.—Your presence is requested at the Den, at 7 1-2 p.m., to take into consideration matters of importance. Punctual attendance is requested. By order of the Captain.

He stated their meeting was called for my especial benefit, and intimated that my absence from the city might prevent outrages to my person. Mr. Marks left, probably equally satisfied, with my friend Hall, that there was no such ingredient as fright in my composition.

The next scheme was the dastardly one of driving me from my lodgings at the Battle House. Dr. Le Vert, Dr. Woodcock, Governor Bagby, J. S. Secor and A. Brooks held a meeting in the Battle House parlour, called in Mr. Darling, the proprietor, and frightened him by telling him that violence would certainly be enacted in his house that night, if I remained in it, and convinced him that his duty to his other guests demanded my expulsion. Mr. Darling waited on me, and stated the peculiar position in which he was placed, and requested me to seek accommodations elsewhere. I yielded to his entreaties, and told him after dinner I would obtain another boarding-house. He proposed to send up dinner to my room for myself and wife, which I declined, preferring to eat openly at the public table.

After dinner, I applied for and got a good room at the Garner House, to which I removed my baggage, then made some New Year's calls on friends, and returned to the Garner House to tea. After tea, a friend informed me that the Lunenbergers were assembled in large force near the Battle House. In view of their contemplated attack, it was suggested that I exchange the room originally given me for one more inaccessible, and susceptible of yielding better means of defence. My trunks were being removed to the new quarters, when I was informed that Colonel Percy Walker had called and wished to see me. I then thought, and now think, that, in spite of all their boastings of the terrible indignities I was doomed to suffer for daring to return to Mobile without their consent, that the "crowd," as the Colonel called them, evinced decided reluctance and were afraid—yes, afraid—to meet one poor and, except by my wife, unaided man, who had previously been branded as a coward because he ran away from a mob sixteen months before. My first impression was that the Colonel had been selected and sent by the "crowd" to try and induce me to promise to leave the city, in order to save some of their lives, which by this time they seemed to realize would be taken, if they persisted in the attack. But there was an honest earnestness about him which was irresistible, and soon satisfied me that he was a volunteer, and impelled, as he himself stated, "by the common dictates of humanity, to try and prevent the shedding of human blood." Had not the police at this critical moment interfered, it is probable their courage might have been put to the test even beyond aught they had dreamed. The police I could not, of course, resist. I had no idea of being put in "durance vile," even when the motive (which I afterwards learned) was the protection of my person from mob outrage. I therefore, while the police were ascending the stairs, retreated, and quietly left the Garner House and ensconced myself elsewhere, where I remained unmolested.

It was amusing, after this, during my stay in the city, to read such articles as appeared in *The Mercury*, in which the editor (if it was my friend McGuire, he is an abominable hypocrite), after he fancied he saw the probable result of the struggle between me and the Lunenbergers, claimed that "the very quiet and dignified manner in which I was disposed of entirely cut off all chance of my making capital out of my visit." Poor fellow! after he thought I was gone, I was reading his articles under his very nose and almost within sight of his desk. Then, a few days after, to see in the very same columns a call for a "Public meeting at the Ampitheatre, to take action on a matter of imporance." Then, in the same paper, still later, the following advertisement:

$250—This amount, now deposited in the *Mercury* office for that purpose, will be paid to any one who will point out the lurking place of William Strickland, late of Milwaukee, Wis., and formerly of this city, if within the limits of Mobile County. Mobile, Jan. 8, 1858.

The result of the meeting at the Ampitheatre, which had been convened on matters of vital importance, when they found they could not get rid of me in a "quiet and dignified manner," was to wage war on my wife. Amongst other resolutions, a committee was appointed to wait on her and inform her that unless she left the city, she would be sent off by force.

Oh! most noble gentlemen of the committee, true and glorious representatives of Southern chivalry, not one of you had the nerve (or was it shame caused you to be recreant to the cause) to carry out your instructions, except that redoubtable champion of Southern rights, J. S. Secor, Esq. I regret exceedingly I cannot immortalize you by giving your names to the world.

Your excessive vigilance, and your extraordinary efforts to discover my whereabouts, proved an utter failure. Your watchings of my wife, your efforts to entrap her through the medium of the Post-office, your putting cab-drivers and others under oath, your searching of private residences and boarding-houses—even my wife's trunks were not sacred—your offers of rewards, your threatened expulsion from the city of all who aided me, proved utterly abortive.

Despite your watchings, I had regular interviews with my wife; notwithstanding your threat of ruin to all who aided, friends did assist.

I remained as long as it suited my purpose to stay, and left by a route always open to me, and by means which can again be used when necessary.

As my presence in Mobile could no longer be of essential service to the settlement of claims due to me, I joined my wife in New Orleans and accompanied her home.

It has been charged against me as a very grave offence that I felt and had expressed resentment towards the committee who were the cause of my expulsion, and who did their utmost to ruin me. I acknowledge the truth of this accusation, and I should cease to respect myself as a man were it otherwise.

I would ask each and every one to coolly examine with me my causes for resentment.

No one, I suppose, for an instant now believes that I ever had in my possession, of an anti-slvavery tendency, more than the three books purchased from us by the committee, the ephemeral novels of the day excepted. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I utterly refused to sell or allow to be sold in our store, while all the other booksellers in Mobile did order and sell several different supplies of it. I ordered for, and gave away to planters and other friends in the interior who were exceedingly desirous to read the book, fifty copies of the three-shilling edition. The publishers sent me three copies of the original edition when it was first issued, which were loaned to my friends in the city, and passed from hand to hand until they were literally worn out. Our clerks at the time can prove the first statement, my friends in the city the latter.

My crime, then, consisted in selling three books to the committee, and in giving to prominent men in the interior fifty "Uncle Tom's Cabins."

If it extends beyond this, let the community compel the committee to produce their boasted charges which they say they hold in reserve; until they do this, we must assume the above to be my offence.

Beyond this, I defy any man to prove that I ever did, said or wrote anything against slavery.

I would ask my readers to listen until I state what this committee have done to me.

The man does not live who possessed happier domestic relations than myself. Married early in life, God blessed me with a wife pure, good, devoted—how devoted, the unmanly action of the committee proves—with children all I could wish them to be; wealth sufficient, with my simple habits and wants, to last my lifetime; the best business of its kind ever known in Mobile; respected, I hoped and believed, by all who knew me, I had arrived at that point where I had but little to crave or desire. I had a just pride in knowing that what I possessed had been gained by honest industry; what I was, by a straightforward, independent, upright course of conduct during a residence of eighteen years in the city.

From all this these bad men drove me—from wife and children, from home, from competence, from position, from the pleasant associations of half my life—in a word, from content and happiness—destroyed my business; did all they could to blast my reputation by threats and other species of intimidation; abused my wife; violated the Post-office laws by breaking open my correspondence; prevented my goods being sold; robbed me in every conceivable legal form, and, but for my own promptness, would have perpetrated indignity on my person, and ended by taking my life.

Even under these trying circumstances, up to this moment, I have not said a word or written a sentence against the South, its institutions or its people, nor have I for a moment in thought blamed them.

It is the misfortune of Mobile that she has borne in her bosom a set of bad, reckless, misguided, unprincipled and lawless men—a league dreaded and feared by good men—but against whom the latter are powerless, unless they will rouse themselves and act in concert.

Under the name of patriotism, as applied to Southern institutions, this class of men have perpetrated many and grievous wrongs, amongst which my own case stands prominent.

Against the committee, against those men who have done to me this great wrong, I have resentment, and hope to continue to possess it.

It has been said I have "desecrated the names of the honoured dead." Judge Lesesne, from the basest of motives—from an enmity of years—pursued me with a malignity rarely witnessed. He drew up a report for the committee, which even they rejected as too wicked. He and Mr. Secor then drew up a report, which was approved and published. In daily editorials, and by every other means in his power, he tried to keep up the excitement—and succeeded. This man and I could not have met and both lived. It is possible I may have become a monomaniac on this subject; I begin to think I have, and certainly believe I had ample cause.

If any friend, at any time, will tell me how, where and when I can meet, on neutral ground, Dr. Woodcock and the other men who waited on Mr. Darling on the first of January, whose names I have before given, I will esteem it a favour which shall not be forgotten. At the same time, if he will incidentally introduce the names of as many of the Lunenbergers as he may know, he may mention some not already on my list, which I shall be glad to receive.

For the many kindnesses extended to me by friends, for the friendly, sympathetic and cordial greetings received on all sides during my late visit to my old home, I would now render my sincere and heartfelt thanks, until I again appear to thank them in person.

William Strickland.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without concealment—without compromise.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1858.

"THE PULPIT AND THE PEW." *

We have before us a book with the above title, which represents itself as being a transcript of actual facts. It is dedicated "To the Church of the Puritans, of New York City, as having, by their noble declaration and correspondent action, defined and maintained, with true honour and manliness, the rights, duties and mutual relations of the Pulpit and the Pew"; and it contains, in an appendix, large quotations from the sermons and editorial writings of Rev. George B. Cheever, the pastor of that Church. It is therefore not difficult to conjecture *what* pulpit and *what* pews were in the mind of the anonymous writer, and whence he derives his idea of the general relation of pews to pulpits in this country.

This book represents a contest energetically carried on, for a whole year, between a minister, supported by one portion of the Church and congregation to whom he was preaching, on one side, and the remainder of that Church and congregation on the other. The occasion of this contest was the recognition, by the former of these two parties, of slavery and intemperance, particularly the former, as *sins* which should receive notice and condemnation from the pulpit, while the latter party maintained such notice and condemnation to be unsuitable to the pulpit, and moreover a violation of the Sabbath. Before proceeding to examine the position of the book in regard to slavery (which will occupy all the space we have for comment), it should be mentioned that its author has very much at heart the maintenance of clerical rights, and the accurate adjustment and understanding of the functions properly belonging to a clergyman in his different *phases* of ordained minister, installed minister, "Stated Supply," "Pastor Elect," and pastor *de facto* as well as *de jure*. He also believes that "*the Church*" should have "entire supremacy over *the Society*," "keeping the control of all affairs appertaining to Christian worship, and the Sanctuary, and the Pulpit, and the Pastor." From these matters we now turn to consider the relation of the book to slavery, and to anti-slavery.

In this regard, the work in question has very great merits.

It teaches radical and thorough-going anti-slavery principles, declaring it to be the duty of Christians and Christian ministers to educate this nation into resistance to oppression, and the entire overthrow of slavery, even if these involve not only internal convulsions, but revolution itself; again, declaring the *total* overthrow and *extinction* of slavery to be the thing needed; and again, affirming the utter inadequacy and impossibility of any remedy or relief from slavery, but one that insists upon its *inherent* wrongfulness and *total intrinsic* baseness, and denies absolutely the "wild and guilty phantasy that man can have property in man."

It sets forth energetically the guilt and the danger of compromise; points out that, in the conflict with wrong, aggression and enterprise, not mere defence, are the safest and surest policy; shows the absurdity of attempting to ignite a barrel of gunpowder half way down; declares that Satan will be sure to get the better in any *bargain*; and affirms the policy of compromise to be the policy of suicide, both in politics and religion, both in Church and State.

It shows Christianity to be a *practical* system, the good fruits of which will necessarily appear in the life of him who truly holds it. It puts ideas to the test of inquiring whether they lead to earnest and right *acting*. It declares the duty of conforming our conduct to our principles, instead of stating our principles so as to justify our conduct; and it affirms that when, as in this country, the Church has fallen into sin, there must be an uncovering of that sin, and a repairing of it, before the Church can attain prosperity.

It shows the worthlessness of orthodoxy without righteousness, declaring that though there is orthdoxy enough in the Church, there is not righteousness enough; and, speaking of certain "mealy-mouthed conservatives" in the Church, who dread a wholesome, homely severity exercised by the preacher upon their cherished sins of covetousness and oppression, the author says—"Be touching and tender on the atonement in general, and be *great on death*, and they turn to you with approbation. Be terrible, though temperate, against actual and present transgression, and they turn against you." He says, moreover (and it is very remarkable that this writer, who, if not a clergyman himself, is at least strongly in sympathy with the clerical body, should call the old church-member, of whom he relates the following, a "very sensible character")—"*For several years he had not been much in the sanctuary*, for the ministry feared to strike at sin, and preached only Believe and be saved, when, for his part, he wanted a little of the other side—This *do* and thou shalt live; for he didn't believe there was a member of the Church who was a greater believer than the devil."

This book distinctly declares and defends that characteristic and essential feature of Christianity, and of a Christian ministry, which the ministers of the American religion, both in its orthodox and heterodox sects, ignore and reverse. It says—"Our religion challenges before God, for proof of its divinity, its care for the poor, the outcast, and the wretched. To the poor the Gospel is preached." And again, more minutely—"One of the plainest functions of a Christian minister is to open his mouth for the dumb, to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, and to consider the poor. And according as we perform that function do we show ourselves to be true ministers, *or not*, of Him who is no respecter of persons, who hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and who glories in this especially, that He is a refuge for the oppressed."

It shows, with an energy and emphasis which remind us of the thunders of Dr. Cheever himself, that, so far from being released from this duty by any present unpopularity, reproach or opposition attending it, the Christian minister is yet more imperatively bound, under such circumstances, to preach it, and the Christian Church, individually and collectively, to practise it; and both these to persevere, unremittingly, in these works, until the duty is acknowledged and fulfilled. And it points out, with a wholesome and judicious personality, the agency of the American Tract Society, the *New York Observer* and the *Journal of Commerce*, in debauching the public morals and conscience by the inculcation of the opposite doctrine.

With equal energy and emphasis this book points out the time-serving character of the clergy, the worthlessness of dead *professors* of religion, the power of the Church and clergy in combination to overthrow slavery whenever they will, their neglect to use this power, or even to *try* to exert it, and their consequent responsibility for the continuance of slavery.

The candour and honesty of the author of this book are further shown by his tone in regard to the Abolitionists. These he calls "the men of principle and humanity," and he testifies, respecting them—"Posterity will pay the debt which both the pulpit and the pew in this country owe to the stern Reformers of the age, who have unflinchingly exposed the mammonism and cotton-serving of the one, and the compromising cowardice and South-side submissions of the other."

The author of a work of so many and great merits can probably take in good part a plain statement of such errors and imperfections as are found in it. Of these we must now proceed to speak. But first, since truth and the weight of evidence often oblige Abolitionists to impugn the motives as well as the actions of those opposed to them, we will here express the high gratification we feel in being able to say—looking from the stand point of our client, the slave—that the errors of this writer are not of the heart; and that, though he has not thoroughly escaped from those sophistical entanglements in which the leaders of American politics and religion educate their pupils, his purpose seems honest and earnest to labour for the utter and absolute overthrow of American slavery. We welcome his partnership, and invite him to "come up higher."

The anti-slavery spirit of our author, though in many places expressed with a fullness and freedom which leave nothing to be wished, is sadly, and most inconsistently, limited in other places, by an adoption of the language and ideas of the Republican party, which seems, by the movements of its partisans in relation to the free coloured people, to be rapidly entitling itself to the *alias* of "the white man's party."

He says (p. 106), "I long to hear THE LION ROAR OF THE TRUE DEMOCRACY FOR FREMONT AND FREEDOM." As if Fremont had any claim to be associated with any other than the *half*-freedom with which the Republicans are content, the mighty triumph of having their Northern States *only* a hunting-ground, not a plantation, for slaveholders! As if the "path-finder" had ever expressed an intention, or even a wish, to open a way of deliverance for the slaves! As if he could hold the post of candidate for the Presidency on any other terms than agreement to support the pro-slavery compromises of the Constitution!

Again—he speaks of "the repeal of an old and *solemn* Compromise by the aggressive and insolent spirit of slavery" in terms which seem to imply (notwithstanding his earnest warnings elsewhere against the folly and the danger of compromise—notwithstanding his statement that you cannot burn a barrel of gunpowder half way down, and that Satan will always get the better in any attempt to *bargain* with him) that he is sorry for this rupture—that *he* would have *kept* the Missouri Compromise before it was thus broken—that he would sustain Charles Sumner in that miserable, fatal error which defaced his great speech, the proposal, IN GOOD FAITH, TO RESTORE THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE! And he speaks, in two places, of "the *nationalizing* of this institution of barbarism" [slavery] as if this had been effected by *recent* Judicial, Legislative and Executive movements, instead of having existed, almost without question, through our whole life-time!

With an inconsistency, however, which we mark with joy and hope, he elsewhere (as we have mentioned above) urges the *total overthrow* and *extinction* of slavery, and also testifies (p. 327) "In politicians there is no hope."

In the religious department of the book in question, side by side with the excellencies which we have pointed out, and in direct contrariety to some of them, are errors of a yet graver character than those above noticed.

The author repeatedly represents that in unjustifiable acquiescence in the continuance of slavery, *the pulpit is equally guilty with the pew.* If there has been *equal neglect* of the slave on the part of both these, we submit that the pulpit is far *more* guilty of the two, inasmuch as it stands in the relation, not only of teacher to pupil, guide to blindness, monitor to negligence, watchman among sleepers, but of leaven to lump, salt to decaying matter, light to obscurity! It constantly magnifies its office, insisting that it is God's appointed messenger, ready to declare His will to whoever will hear, and requiring all to resort to it for instruction. In a case of common and joint neglect of duty, is the pulpit only *equally* guilty with the pew? Nay, verily! If the leaven claims precedence of the lump at all other times, it must not slink back into mere equality and common brotherhood with it when retribution for sin is to be distributed. If the defender of Dr. Cheever shall find that, with all the fire, all the energy, all the prophet-like earnestness, all the *thoroughness* even (in some departments) of that distinguished preacher, even *he* has yet reserved in his tent some fragment of the accursed thing, if even he has looked back from the plough, and turned aside from drawing a straight furrow, let him not shrink from the infliction of a rebuke proportioned to the guilt of unfaithfulness to the very cause which most needs the help of his eminent talents, his conspicuous station, and his credit and influence with the movement party in the Church.

Again. This book, though plainly testifying, in some parts, of the time-serving and unfaithful character of the clergy, speaks of them in other places as restrained, even gagged, by the pro-slavery character of their people, from speaking anti slavery truth which (the language implies) they are desirous, and ever eager, to speak. To this it is to be said—first, that the duty of anti-slavery testimony is made more imperative, instead of less, as the book itself shows, by such opposition; next, that only a very small proportion of clergymen seem disposed to move faster than their flocks in this matter; and, lastly, that the pro-slavery *people* thus complained of have become such *under* the teaching, and *through* the teaching, of a pro-slavery ministry. We mean to say that the direct tendency, as a whole, of what the clergy of all sects have said, and of what they have *not* said, since 1776, has been to produce just the acquiescence in slavery, as a custom of the country (to use no stronger language), which we now see through all the non-slaveholding States. Thus it is obvious that the opposition now manifested to a few anti-slavery ministers is a natural product from the seed sown, through the whole lifetime of the present inhabitants of this country, by a pro-slavery ministry, who have superintended their education in morals and religion.

But the saddest feature of this book (and the last which we shall mention) is an implication, running through the whole of it, and finding direct expression in twenty different places, that the religion which is preached by slaveholding and otherwise pro-slavery ministers, North and South, and which is accepted by slaveholding and otherwise pro-slavery church-members and parishioners, North and South, *is Christianity*. The writer takes for granted throughout, that such men as Drs. Joel Parker and Gardiner Spring of New York, Dr. Smyth of South Carolina, Bishop Meade of Virginia, Dr. Hallock of the Tract Society, and Drs. Blagden and South-Side Adams of Boston, *are Christians!* still more amazing, that they are *Christian ministers!* ministers of that same Jesus who pointed out the Good Samaritan to be imitated, and the Priests and Levites, who passed by on the other side, to be shunned! ministers of that same Christ who absolutely required the same tender consideration and helpfulness for the lowest, poorest, meanest of his human brethren as for himself! The writer takes for granted, throughout, in the most amazing manner, that the slaveholders and otherwise pro-slavery men who have been gathered by these clergymen into *their* churches, and who breed, and hold, and buy, and sell, and flog human beings as slaves, on the authority and by the authentication of these reverend corrupters of the community, *are Christians*, and that the union of such, under a creed and in a covenant, forms a *Christian* Church!

The strength and fixedness of this delusion are so great in the whole community, as well as in the mind of this writer, and the expressions of the book in question assume the point so thoroughly, that we must quote a few of them.

"Those genteel, conservative sinners, By-ends, and Demas, and Money-love, and old Mr. Hold-the-world, are just now trying hard to get the American pulpit under their thumb, and they have strong allies in the *Church of God* itself." (P. 10.)

As if the Church *of God* ever contained, ever could have *received*, any such persons! As if these persons had not long ago *succeeded* in getting the *American pulpit* under their thumb! As if the American pulpit were not antipodal to the Church of God, rather than a constituent part of it!

"It well becomes the Pulpit and the Pew to unite in the effort to make our American Christianity a practical thing, known, loved and feared by its warm espousal of Freedom, and its determined warfare with Oppression in every shape." (P. 107.)

As if all the *Christianity* there is in America had not *always* been a practical thing, warmly espousing freedom, and warring with oppression in every shape!

"The fear of being mixed with politics, and of incurring the hoot and howl of godless politicians, and the flings of bitter conservatists of the *New York Observer* and *Journal of Commerce* stamp, is actually keeping the Church of God in America mum, when it should have lifted up its voice like a trumpet." (P. 122.)

As if the Church *of God* ever submitted to the dictation of such persons! As if it had not *always* testified against oppression! As if the prayers of the *American* Churches and the preaching of the *American* clergy had not always been *allied* with the hootings and howlings above mentioned, aiding them to clamour down the representatives of Christianity in their demand for justice to the slave!

"There are beloved and *honoured* ministers, whom I am acquainted with, that seldom or never glance at slavery in their pulpits, nor remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, in public prayer, *because they fear it would make a stir among their people.*

"How shall the conscience of the nation ever be roused into a pungent conviction of the sin of slavery, unless *God's ministers* preach and pray perseveringly in reference to it?" (P. 175.)

As if *God's* ministers had not always, as a matter of course, preached and prayed, and laboured too, perseveringly, against slavery! As if the worthy writer of this book had not made a dreadful and most pernicious blunder in *honouring* the persons whom he describes in the former paragraph, and in counting them as *God's* ministers, or as any other than the ministers of Satan!

But, alas! in this matter he follows his leader. The very Dr. Cheever whose energetic and effective labours in some departments of the Anti-Slavery field are commemorated in this book has always reserved for himself this service in the house of Rimmon, the official recognition (in the Tract, and Missionary, and Bible Societies, and in ecclesiastical assemblies) of pro-slavery clergymen *as ministers of Christ*. He is in full fellowship with Drs. Blagden and South-side Adams of Boston! He fraternizes "evangelically" (as that word is now used by the American Churches) with all the Southern authors of that pro-slavery book, "Duties of Masters," and with every slaveholding clergyman of the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian and Episcopalian sects! And he gives the influence of his example to the popular delusion by which those men are called Ministers *of the Gospel!*

As if pro-slavery—a love of oppression—a disposition to trample on the weak, to grind the faces of the poor, to devour widows' houses, to oppress the fatherless (who, in the wide world, is so *utterly* fatherless as the mulatto slave of the South), as if a character like this, manifested, day after day, and year after year, in the life, could possibly combine and assimilate with love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, patience, meekness! As if such a character as this, brought into contact with a *Christian* character, would not inevitably and instantaneously show such signs of irreconcilable opposition as fire with water, acid with alkali! As if the Church *of God* ever had one such individual, or the South-side sympathizer with such an one, within its boundaries!

The *American* Church is *full* of such, and this is one of the irresistible proofs that it is *not* the Church of God, and not the representative, either in its preaching or its practice, in its prayers or its alms, in its tracts or its missions, of the Gospel of Christ!

Most appropriately may it be addressed in the words of Isaiah.

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. Bring no more vain oblations! the monthly concerts and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with. It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your monthly concerts and your appointed feasts my soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me! I am weary to bear them! Your hands are full of blood! "Wash you! make you clean! put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes! Cease to do evil! Learn to do well! Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow!"

And, until the American Church shall do this, or show some appearance of earnestly trying to do it, most appropriately may every worldling, every heathen, every merely speculative atheist, decline to receive her as teacher, and demand proof of the impudent pretension that she comes in the name, with the commission, and by the authority of God, or of his son Jesus.

☞ On the first page of this week's paper will be found the somewhat extraordinary address of Mr. Minister Meade to the Emperor of Brazil—extraordinary, not because it is not perfectly true that we are a slaveholding people, and bound by principle to sympathize with other nations of the same character, but because it has not heretofore been the habit of our ministers abroad to assert it quite so boldly. In the Ostend Manifesto, it is true, the united diplomatic force of the United States in Europe took upon themselves to assure the world that we are not merely a nation of slaveholders, but that nothing but the courage was wanting to make us a nation of pirates also. But that was an occasion made, when one limping devil, Belmont, with another wry-necked devil, Buchanan, and a third not so much devil as fool, put their twisted bodies and distorted brains together for the purpose of some gigantic mischief. This Mr. Meade, however, seizes the occasion of a court ceremony to display, with what alacrity he can boast of, that stupendous crime of his country, at which all decent and intelligent Americans have the grace, at least, to blush when they go abroad.

It will not, we presume, be considered so much to Mr. Meade's discredit, however, that he avowed the wickedness of his own country as that he should so gratuitously display his own ignorance. The Emperor, it will be observed, made no reply to that portion of the address to which we refer, neither did the public papers make any comment upon it. In fact, the chivalrous Virginian, in his impatient alacrity to make himself acceptable, to use a vulgarism, "put his foot in it." It is as if a minister from the King of Dahomey should go into a Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, and present the sympathy of his majesty with the devotion of that body to the great duty of catching "runaway niggers." Perhaps that eminent Republican State does perform that duty when it comes to the pinch, but, on the whole, she would rather not do it, and knows she ought not, and receives, therefore, with a very ill-grace the compliments of the envoy of the African slave-dealer. So is it with the Brazilians. They are slaveholders, but not of that sort that flourish on the soil of Virginia. They have abolished their slave-trade with Africa, which was not half so bad as that which Virginia grows rich on with New Orleans and Mobile. They give to their free coloured people many of the rights and privileges, civil and political, which they assume for white people, and respect them quite as much, and treat them quite as well, according to their deserts, without regard to colour; and they would look with horror upon the latest growth of Virginian civilization which would sell men into bondage because they are black. In short, the best part of Brazil knows that slavery is a curse and a sin, and these mean to get rid of it as soon as possible, and as soon as the national feeling is as hearty and one-voiced as it is already among the best and most intelligent of her people. Mr. Meade, in alluding to the subject, had the ill-trading and want of tact to allude to what by the august person whom he addressed, and by the people who listened to him, is considered a great misfortune and a national shame.

We observe that Mr. Wilson has moved in the Senate for the instructions to Mr. Meade. It is not likely he will get them, though it would be like our stupid executive to bid him congratulate the Emperor of Brazil on being a slaveholder. It was like congratulating a recent "Washingtonian" on his celebrity as a rum-drinker.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

Messrs. Editors: A Daily Prayer-Meeting has been and is now held in the Lecture-Room of the Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Fulton and William streets, in this city. Among other regulations, concerning this meeting, the following placard is posted quite conspicuously, viz.:

"NO CONTROVERTED POINTS DISCUSSED."

This cannot possibly have reference to anything that might be denominational or doctrinal. What are "Controverted Points"? The Old South Church (Rev. Dr. Blagden's) in Boston defined this in May, 1851. While the Boston Court-house was in chains, and the case and trial of kidnapped *Sims* under consideration, and, as was the custom then to present requests, sometimes verbal and sometimes written, that particular bodies or individuals might be made the subjects of special prayer, a flat refusal was made, that "prayers should be offered to prevent a brother from being torn from the religious privileges of Boston and carried as a slave to Georgia, where the laws forbid him to read the Bible; also that God would be pleased to arouse the Church of this city (Boston) to a sense of the duty of *not* delivering again to his master the servant who has escaped from his master unto them."

That is, in Boston latitude, a controverted point? Pray, is it so in New York also? S. L.

We once heard an intelligent and wealthy Chinaman say that his rule was to *chin-chin Joss* [pray to God] as little as possible, in the hope that Joss would forget him altogether, which would be a great saving in joss-stick, gilded paper, fire-crackers, fruits, meats, and other offerings which are supposed, by the Chinese, to be acceptable and necessary offerings to their Heavenly Father. The Managers of the Prayer-Meeting, referred to above by our correspondent, are governed by a similar philosophy to that of this Chinese worshipper. They think it incumbent upon them to "chin-chin Joss," in a customary and respectable manner, lest worse come of it; but they are not disposed to make—to quote our Chinese friend again—"too much bobbery" about it, lest too great devotion should imply, on the other hand, the necessity of a corresponding performance of duty. The Chinaman was as careless as he dared to be of thanking God that his rice-swamps were fertile; that his teas were of the best quality; and that his silk met with a good market; or that his means allowed him the indulgence of many wives, whose feet were all of the smallest; that his children were all boys; and that the government did not suspect him of riches; for the more thankful he was, the more joss-stick. So our pious friends in the neighbourhood of Fulton street, when they go out to lunch and go in to prayer, hope by saying nothing on "controverted points"—which means only that one little *point*, Slavery—to keep it out of the sight of God that there is any Christian duty which they neglect, and which, if He knew of it, He would require its fulfilment at their hands.

Is it likely that the Chinese merchant or the Fulton street Prayer-Meeting will succeed in dodging out of the sight of God?

If we have any dealer in Chinese goods among our readers, would it not be well for him to send a small bundle of Joss-Stick to the Fulton street Church, with directions for use?

FROM A NEW HAMPSHIRE CORRESPONDENT.

Merrimack County, N. H., Feb., 8, 1858.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I have not seen in your paper lately any note from our small State, but perhaps some of your readers would like an occasional word from this northern region. The State of New Hampshire, in comparison with others, is small in territory and population, yet on some accounts, may claim some share of notability. And first, from its venerable age. Geologists say that the granite formations are the oldest parts of this mundane sphere, and we can show the deepest and most stupendous pile of granite to be found anywhere this side of the Rocky Mountains. And then, we have had some rather notable men in various departments, such as Meshich Weare, Josiah Bartlett, John Taylor Gilman, John Langdon, John Stark, Joseph Dennie, Hosea Ballou, Elias Smith, Jeremiah Mason, Levi Woodbury, Daniel Webster, and many others. And then, again, we claim the credit of having formed the first republican State government in opposition to the oppressive edicts of George the Third and Lord North.

And now a word as to the progress of anti-slavery here. We have not had any very special revival of late in that direction, but there is a growing hatred of slavery among the people, intensified, no doubt, by the outrages of Kansas ruffians and Administration ruffians in Washington. A memorial to Congress for freedom in the District of Columbia is in circulation here, which indicates that some people are not satisfied with the mere non-extension of slavery. As this is a matter of national concernment I subjoin a copy of the memorial. Bradshaw.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled.

The memorial of the undersigned, citizens of the County of Merrimack, New Hampshire, respectfully shows, that, in their belief, as the Constitution of the United States was adopted by the people "to establish justice, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty," the establishment or sanction by Congress of slavery in any Territory or District would be contrary to justice and against natural right and unconstitutional, they respectfully request that, in the enactment or sanction by Congress of the contemplated new Code of Laws for the District of Columbia, it be declared that all persons in said District shall be protected in their inalienable rights, and that, in all legal proceedings before the Courts of said District, all persons shall be regarded and treated AS EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW.

February, 1858.

THE KIDNAPPING CASE.

The case of Anderson, the kidnapped negro, the particulars of which we gave two weeks ago, seems likely to be brought to a happy termination. A *white* man was found, George T. Trimble, a respectable Friend, who remembered Anderson, and whose testimony the Mayor of Richmond was pleased to accept. Mayor Tiemann, of this city, then sent on a requisition for Thomas, the kidnapper. The Richmond Mayor accordingly writes the following letter to the New York Mayor.

Richmond, Feb. 9, 1858.

To Hon. D. F. Tiemann, Mayor of New-York.

Dear Sir: I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 3d inst., inclosing the affidavit of George T. Trimble, and, since then, I have received your message by telegraph, requesting me to detain Mason Thomas charged with kidnapping George Anderson, a free negro from your City, and selling him as a slave. I have now to inform you that I have remanded him to await your messenger, as desired.

In that note you say you "sincerely thank me for my exertions in not allowing the property of George Anderson, in his own labour, to be diverted under suspicious circumstances, and hope that this instance on my part may not be without its effect in removing any feelings of sectional acerbity or prejudice wherever it may exist." I should indeed rejoice at any such result from any act of mine. In this instance, however, I could claim no merit in bringing it about, for I have done nothing more than my duty in vindicating the laws of a sister State, and thereby preventing a wrong to one of her citizens. This *comity is due from functionaries of each State to those of every other.* But I greatly fear that our mutual hope upon this subject is destined to disappointment, as long as any State of this Union retains in its statute-book laws made in palpable contravention of the Constitution of the United States, with the avowed object of preventing the execution of a law of Congress, passed in pursuance thereof. Be this as it may, however, I thank you for the kind manner in which you have been pleased to speak of my action in relation to George Anderson's case, and assure you that it will afford me pleasure promptly to aid you in bringing to the bar of justice any offender against your laws who shall seek to make Richmond his sanctuary.

Whilst I am sure, sir, you have none of it, let me suggest a more agreeable mode of wearing out sectional acerbity than through the medium of felons. It is by more frequent personal intercourse with us at home; and the presence here of no gentleman would effect more than yourself in this good work. I shall be exceedingly happy to see you in Richmond on the 22d inst., to participate with us in the ceremonies of that great national day. May I expect that pleasure?

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Joseph Mayo, Mayor of Richmond.

Were we not a good deal hardened, we should consider this correspondence as rather touching than otherwise. Undoubtedly the Richmond Mayor wrote his letter with tears in his eyes, and considered that he was, in the most scriptural spirit, heaping coals of fire upon the poor head of his New York brother, and, through him, upon the offending heads of New Yorkers generally. For did not a Lemmon come among us? And did we not feloniously, and contrary to the comity of the States, take away his goods and chattels, and bid them go their own way in peace? And it may be that Mayor Tiemann is open to

ever may seem to be the immediate results, nor faith enough to believe that He has revealed His will to the Society, on this subject, for the last two centuries, unless He can be strengthened by the testimony of a travelling preacher, it will not be strange that a light-minded and worldly people should gird and mock at a drab-coloured religion, where the only immutable belief would seem to be in broad-brimmed hats, coal-scuttle bonnets, shad-bellied coats, and bad grammar.

However, let Susan say what she will, we shall believe that God is right, after all. But if she and the Quakers cannot believe it without going into the statistics of Sugar and Molasses, then, of course, it is to be hoped, for their sakes, that the count on Sugar and Molasses will come out on the right side.

CENTRAL AMERICAN COLONIZATION.—*The* (Richmond) *South* is terribly frightened at the project of Eli Thayer for colonizing Central America with free Northern labourers. "The controversy," it says, is "nothing more nor less than a struggle between Slavery and Abolitionism for the possession of the unoccupied territory of the American tropics; Slavery, on the one side, claiming freedom and scope for the development of its power, and Abolitionism, on the other, striving to close up the only outlet left for the extension of Southern interests." The success of Mr. Thayer as the originator and leader of the Massachusetts Aid Society for colonizing Kansas fills *The South* with fearful apprehensions as to the consequences of his new scheme, since the Administration, by breaking up the last expedition of Walker and his piratical crew, has left him a clear field. If we may believe the statements of the Washington correspondent of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, that scheme is no chimera:

"The scheme of colonisation sketched by Hon. Eli Thayer, in his striking speech in the House, a few days since, is not a dreamy speculation, but a reality. Measures of the most practical kind have been already adopted for carrying it out. An Association has been formed for colonizing Nicaragua with industrious Americans—not fighters, but workers. It is stated to me, and I repeat the statements without vouching for their correctness any farther than they appear probable, that Hon. E. Corning, of Albany, has consented to accept the Chairmanship or Presidency of the Association; that several thousand applications have been made for passage to Central America under the auspices of the Company, and that the Minister from Nicaragua, Gen. Yrisarri, has signified his approval of the enterprise. What Nicaragua wants is men of the European race, who will renovate her civilization, and who will respect her nationality. The lazy, whiskey-drinking followers of Walker are not of the sort of colonists whom any State of Central America will tolerate, and Mr. Thayer's company will make it a condition of the settlement they propose to found that such characters shall be kept out of the country."

THE SOUTH COWED.—The Washington correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal*, in closing an account of the late scrimmage in Congress, says:

"The South is cowed. I know what I say—COWED. The promptness with which Grow knocked Keitt down in the very midst of the Southern side of the Chamber, and the alacrity and fire with which some fifty Republicans bounded across the Hall to join the struggle, appalled the slaveholders. Father Giddings said to-day, 'I have sat in this House twenty years, and I never saw the the Slave Power so completely baffled and cowed as during this fifteen hours' contest.'"

The Southerners pretend that Grow did not strike Keitt The correspondent aforesaid says:

"Instantly Keitt seized Grow by the throat, and Grow as quickly knocked off his hand with his left arm, which slewed Keitt partly round, and at the same time dealt him a heavy blow with his right fist, which hit Keitt just behind the left ear. Keitt fell as suddenly as if struck with an axe. As he was going down, Grow gave him an emphatic shove between the shoulders, which, caused him to strike head foremost, with his heels upwards, presenting to the galleries the appearance of a man trying to plunge through the floor of the House into the vaults beneath. A hundred accounts of this affair have gone out. The above I give on the very best authority. The slaveholding version of Keitt's fall is, that he tripped and fell. HE WAS KNOCKED DOWN BY GROW."

ROYAL INDEPENDENCE.—At the wedding of the Princess Royal, full accounts of which reached us by a late steamer, among the other dignitaries—and none is England, native or foreign, would permit themselves to be absent at such a pageant—was SARAH BONETTA, an African princess, who is on a visit to that country. She attended by special invitation of Queen Victoria, who sent her dresses suitable for the occasion. It has not, we presume, occurred to anybody that the English monarchy stands any less firmly for this act of the present occupant of the throne; but it is certain that should Mr. Buchanan invite a coloured woman to a levee at the White House, the whole Southern Congressional delegation would leave their seats in the Senate and House, go home and dissolve the Union. We are not unmindful of the even absurd violence of the supposition that Mr. Buchanan could do a manly or an independent thing; but the contrast of consequences shows very strikingly that the Queen of England has the independence to do a very unusual thing, without regard to abstract opinion or social customs, which the President of the Republic could not do—not in the same case merely, but in a similar one—as he values his government.

POLITICS.

Mr. Seward gave notice in the Senate, on Monday, of his intention to introduce a bill in the Senate to reorganize the United States Supreme and Circuit Courts, so that the several States shall be represented by Judges in those Courts more nearly on the basis of their federal population, while the administration of justice shall be made more speedy and efficient. It is understood that Mr. Seward thinks that the Supreme Court is the slavery citadel to be stormed.

Mr. George Bancroft has published an address to his fellow-citizens on the Lecompton Constitution, avowing himself strongly and unequivocally against that great villany. The address is one he meant to have delivered as Chairman of the Anti-Lecompton meeting which was to have been held at the Opera House on Friday, but which, through the bad faith of the Directors, was not admitted within the building. Tammany Hall has since declared the proposed meeting to be "a fraudulent, unprincipled, base and cowardly Black Republican" movement, and Mr. Bancroft no Democrat.

The Washington correspondent of *The Albany Journal* says:

"Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, after listening to the reading of the President's Lecompton Message, turned to a friend and, in glowing words, denounced it as the most infamous document ever sent into Congress.

"By the by, among the most zealous opponents of the Lecompton swindle in this city is Henry S. Foote, ex-Senator from Mississippi, now of California—he who, on the floor of the Senate, threatened that the people of Mississippi would hang Hale if he ever came in that State."

The Washington correspondent of *The Philadelphia Press*, under date of Feb. 8th, writes:

"Gen. Calhoun visited Judge Douglas shortly after his arrival. They had a long conversation, several persons being present. The Judge inquired in reference to the returns from Delaware Crossing. Calhoun made no answer. Before they separated the question was again made. Calhoun replied that the return had been properly certified. Judge Douglas then gave him some sworn evidence on the subject. Calhoun read and turned pale. About 1 o'clock at night Calhoun sent to Douglas's house that he was convinced there had been fraud at Delaware Crossing—540 votes being put down where only 40 votes were cast—and that he had made the correction in the record with the approval of the President. He authorized Judge Douglas, Mr. Harris, of Illinois, and General Quitman to publish this fact."

A correspondent of *The Evening Post*, writing from Illinois, says:

"It cannot be denied that Mr. Douglas has the whole Democratic party with him in Illinois. At this time the Administration party don't amount to a corporal's guard. Douglas, to-day, is as strong in his party as Henry Clay ever was in his in Kentucky, Mr. Webster in Massachusetts, or Calhoun in South Carolina. I do not mean to say his party make up a majority of the people of the State. His enemies may talk about defection in 'Egypt,' and of infidelity to his cause in the North, and of the spread of treason to him over the State. It is not true. There is not a cabin in the canebrake of the *cache*—not a lodge in the lead mines of Galena—not a house in Chicago—not a farm in the prairie—not a clearing in the timber—indeed, scarce a section of land in Illinois inhabited by men, where may not be found ardent friends of his, or warm sympathizers and well-wishers. Politicians belonging to the Democracy hate him for his past successes, and those of the Republicans fear him for what he is likely to achieve in the future. Vain hate!—foolish fear!"

☞ The Atheist bill, as it is called, by which persons who are so honest as to make acknowledgment, notwithstanding the disabilities attending it, that they do not believe in a personal God, or a future state of rewards and punishments, are permitted, like other men, to give testimony in a Court of Justice, after having passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives, was rejected in the Senate by a decisive vote. It is a curious fact that the most strenuous opponent of the bill in the House was a man whose testimony is, of course, admissible in any Court of Justice, as he would avow his belief in certain theological dogmas to be entirely catholic but whose character is so stained by many acts of his public career, and particularly an exceedingly dishonourable one in his early life, that probably not a person of mature years could be found, in Massachusetts, so ignorant and so innocent as to place any reliance upon anything this man might say, unless it was supported by some collateral evidence. This is certainly a striking commentary upon the collective wisdom of the people of Massachusetts.

PERSONAL.

EX-President Fillmore was married, at Albany, on the 10th inst., to Mrs. Caroline C. McIntosh.

Theodore Parker will deliver a sermon to his congregation, appropriate to Washington's Birthday, on Sunday, the 21st inst., in which he will consider the Progress of Freedom in the United States.

The Boston Advertiser announces the death of the Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., pastor of the Unitarian Church at Charleston, S. C. He died at Kingston, Mass., on the 8th inst., in the 67th year of his age. Dr. Gilman was a native of Massachusetts, but has resided in Charleston for nearly forty years, where he has always made himself acceptable by defending slavery.

The Washington correspondent of *The Evening Post*, under date of Feb. 10th, says:

"Mr. Sumner is here, very much improved in health and spirits, more so, indeed, than many of his friends thought he ever would be. Some of the worst symptoms of his disease have entirely disappeared. His eye, gestures and whole expression are more like what they used to be. He does not remain here long, but will be a minute man, to return whenever the signal is given. He and his friends hope that he will be able to take and keep his seat before the close of the session."

A FIGHTING PARSON.—An enthusiastic correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*, speaking of the late row in the House of Representatives at Washington, says:

"The Republicans fought bravely, and even desperately. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, a brother of the Alton martyr, and himself a preacher of the gospel, came in contact with Lamar of Mississippi, and the two displayed a degree of energy and determination worthy of the cause in which they were engaged. Mr. Lovejoy is about forty-five years of age, and, though inclined to corpulency, is very active in his movements, and enthusiastic in everything he undertakes. He is a ready debater, and a fearless champion of freedom. Like Parson Adams, who figures so largely in the pages of 'Joseph Andrews,' he seems ready to enforce his moral arguments by weapons which may be called 'carnal,' but which in the present case proved 'mighty.' I believe, however, that both he and his antagonist escaped without loss of blood."

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN AFRICA.

[FOR the following curious and entertaining sketches—especially interesting to those who have read the valuable books of Livingstone and Barth—we are indebted to the Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston. They are a translation from Dr. PETERMANN'S "Mittheilungen ueber wichtige neue Erforshungen auf dem Gesammlgebiete der Geographie, für 1857, No. IV. and V."]

DR. LIVINGSTONE, of Scotland, the celebrated traveller in Africa, writes as follows about the AFRICAN WOMEN:

"I found the natives quite intelligent; the most salient feature I have noticed in the country is the high estimation in which the female sex is held. Amongst them there are women who exercise the function of chief. If you ask something of a man, before he decides upon it he will say: 'Well, I must go home and consult my wife.' If she consents, he will do what you desire; but if she says No, there is no way to make him comply. When an assembly of chiefs is held, the women are admitted to the council, and have a voice in the deliberations. Among the Bechuanas and Caffres men swear by their Father, but the true blacks, in the centre of Africa, swear by their Mother. If a woman separates from her husband, all the children follow and attach themselves to her. If a young man falls in love with a young maiden living in another village, he quits his own and lives there; he is obliged to pay his mother-in-law for her in part, and in her presence he must assume a respectful attitude, and continue half kneeling."

"Throughout all our travels to the centre of Africa we had only to preserve the hospitality and affability of the women; it was so in descending the upper Zambese;* whatever they furnished us they gave with a good grace, and made excuse for giving so little. Coming to the East, it was still the same."

"In certain regions the women punish their husbands. It is the custom that each wife has her own garden and her own house, but the husband has neither house nor garden to himself; his wives feed him. A man once said to me, 'Oh, dear, my wives will give me nothing at all, not even anything to eat!' A man may have five wives, and sometimes they all form a coalition against him. He goes to the house and presents himself to mistress No One, and she says, 'I have nothing for you. Go pay your addresses to Mrs. No. Two.' He goes to No. Two, who tells him, 'You may ask the wife you love best.' And so the poor husband is sent from pillar to post. I saw one who roosted one evening on a tree, whence he poured out mournful yells with a reminding voice. 'I thought,' screamed he, 'that I had married five women; but I have married five witches: they won't let me have anything to eat!' On the other side, if a woman forgets herself so far as to strike her husband, she is brought to the grand square in the town, where the chief lives. Then she is obliged to take her husband on her back and carry him home to her house, in the midst of the laughter and ribaldry of the people; and there are some women who call out to her to do it over again" (pp. 268–270).

Magyar László (Ladislaus Amerigo Magyar) has, of late years, been travelling in parts of Southern Africa which no white man has visited before. He was born at Theresiopolis, in Hungary, in 1817. He served awhile as a lieutenant in the Brazillian navy, and then became commander-in-chief of the army of the Negro King of Calabar. In 1849 he went to Bihe, in South-Western Africa, where he married Ince-Kul-lo Oz-or-o, the daughter of the black king of that place. His bride, he says, brought him no money, but many hunters of tigers and elephants. Feb. 20, 1850, accompanied by his wife and 285 of these hunters, he set out to explore various parts of South Africa. At the last advices, August, 1856, he had travelled over the wide country between 4 deg. and 22 deg. South lat. and 12 deg. and 34 deg. East long. He has now a commission from the Portuguese Government, which also promises to bear the expense of publishing the account of his travels. From time to time he has sent papers to his father; some of them have lately been translated from the Hungarian to German, and published in Dr. Petermann's Geographical Journal,† whence these extracts are made.

"Boma is one of the greatest slave-markets in South Africa, and lies on the northern bank of the Zaïre, on a high and gently sloping table-land. It consists of some fifty houses of slave-traders; but with the buildings occupied by the free negroes in their service, it forms a pretty extensive place. The houses here are not built of bamboo, but of wooden piles driven into the ground, roughcast with lime and roofed with straw. Through fear of the natives, the merchandise is kept on shipboard, and only so much is brought ashore as is needed in their purchases from day to day."

"The inhabitants belong to the Congo tribe, and are under a King, Ma-ni Bo-rud, who pays a yearly tribute to the King of Congo, but is otherwise independent. The natives are generally of small stature, but well made, clever, and well disposed to foreigners. Their habits and mode of life are like those of the Congo people, but there is a difference in their form of marriage. Thus, the marriageable maidens are kept in a special place under the charge of some old women, where they learn some useful things and many useless; they go naked and paint their bodies red with *takula*, whence their residence is called *Ku-ba-ta an ku-ju-ka*, Red-House. If any one wants a bride, with the help of the old women, for a price agreed upon, he selects one of the maidens there, though not without her consent, and takes her home. After two days, if they are mutually pleased, he pays her relations the price, which is less or more, according to her excellence and beauty."

Here is a specimen of a song in the Bunda language.

Tumbalambendee o peku vi a poxoka.
Dongonosal ziagambre mujembe.
Zingaviju ge mungonuba.
Dizona mulela borna.
* * * * * * * * * *
Tumbalambendee, the pretty girl.
Her fair eyes shine like heavenly stars.
Her hair and hands are black as the Zebra's mane.
Her full bosom is fair as the bon's tooth.
Her little teeth are white as paper.
Her mouth is small and round.
Her figure large and graceful as the white man's.

"One night, before my departure, some negroes sang the following:

Kindele vendatu catala ponta,
Tumboca ovina Kanassuzu utsiti.
Kizala cuinue—Zon angi van angi.
"The white man who has come to us from so far,
May he be lucky and untroubled in his travels.
His memory is in our heart. God's blessing be on us.

"Scarcely had I arrived (at Kamba) when the natives came about me in crowds from all sides, with loud cries expressing their joy at my visit. They conducted me to a large plain, reserved for the reception of guests. It was full of majestic trees, whose cool shadow, in this hot climate, is real treasure to the traveller. After I had settled down there, women and girls, vieing with each other, brought me all sorts of presents; fresh milk, chickens and *massambala* meal. The men brought dried meat that was like the flesh of the elephant and hippopotamus, and, surrounding me with much noise, tried to find out my name and home. As the female sex here also is, of course, more curious, so the women felt of my hair and my face. At first they shuddered a little because my exterior was so unlike theirs, but soon became bolder and asked the reason of this or the other difference; for example, why my skin was so white, and my hair so long? and as my answers satisfied their curiosity, we were soon good friends.

"I could not sufficiently admire the open-hearted friendliness which these wild pastoral people showed me, especially as no white man had ever been here in the country before. The women, in particular, who are here very handsome, were soon so familiar that they voluntarily offered us their services."

"The region, through which I must travel to the Chief, was well cultivated and well peopled. The several families build their houses separate from one another, greater or smaller as they need, in the middle of pieces of cultivated land surrounded with thorn-hedges. The houses are very small round huts of straw, the height not more than six feet, the diameter about nine. A hole two feet square serves as door; none can pass out or in except by creeping. After a march of seven hours in oppressive heat, I made the lodgings appointed for me. Ki-hi-ta, the Chief of the neighbourhood, received me very cordially. He gave me and my people an ox and several tubs of *hela*. This is a drink which, in taste and colour, is somewhat like German claret wine, and is prepared from the seeds of the massambala, a sort of pisonguns; the seeds are bruised in great wooden mortars, then boiled and strained through straw seives. The liquor begins to ferment in the kettle, and is used as soon as cool. In this hot climate this liquor is thought to be cooling and wholesome; but it contains a great quantity of alcohol. It is much used in South Africa, between 14 deg. and 22 deg. At last, I reached Kombala, the residence of the king of this country. The royal palace, built in the middle of a wild and waste forest of thorn-bushes, is distinguished from the houses of other inhabitants by its size. A circular wooden fence set in the ground incloses a space of about five thousand square yards; within the enclosure there were the round huts covered with straw, in which the king lived. After waiting half-an-hour, I was led into a spacious court yard, in the middle of which, under a straw roof, resting on wooden pillars, I found his Majesty Ki-kun-des-sie, King of Kamla, stretched on a lion's skin, surrounded by his numerous wives and courtiers, who fixed their eyes hard upon me, after their master, pointing to a place, had given me permission to sit down. The king is a strongly built man, forty years old, and six feet high, with a rough countenance; his little eyes were quite striking—in a negro an infallible sign of malicious cunning. His majesty of Kimla, with all his court, on my arrival, was drunk, and I soon saw that they were determined not to abstain from drinking that day, for cups full of *hela* circulated without intermission, and he paid more attention to them than to me. Accordingly I asked permission to wait on him the next day, which was granted."

The traveller had another interview with him that night and asked permission to continue his journey. The King said, "'No white man has ever passed over this stream. If you do it, who knows what trouble will befall my kingdom?' Of course I could make no reply to that, but I knew that the cause of his refusal was two casks of brandy in my possession, which I had destined for Ha-im-bi-si, King of Ou-Kan-y-a-ma, and which this obstinate drunkard would not let go. After many entreaties, I told him that I was determined to cross the stream at all hazards. At this declaration the drunken king was so enraged that he seized his spear and would have killed me, had not his wives, who were present, restrained him by saying, 'This man is the servant of the white King, so you must not kill him, otherwise we should suffer much for his death. Who knows what powerful ganga (talisman) he carries with him? By its power he might utterly destroy us.' Thereupon his raging majesty roared at me: '*Pita! pita! I repari ove kindele!*' get out, get out, you miserable white scamp? I immediately left this drunken brute and returned to my quarters, with a sad heart, for I saw all my hopes of further travel had come to nothing."

"In South Africa the inheritance does not descend to the king's sons, but to his sister's children; accordingly they enter on their chieftainship—which, with few exceptions, among these wild people, is obtained only by violence—as soon as the heir apparent feels able to choke his royal uncle.

"The two brothers, Ki-kun-des-sei and Bi-te-pa, had done so; they agreed to put an end to the long reign of their uncle, Kar-i-ho va, and divide his power between themselves. But as they found no adequate support among the people, the younger brother, Bi-te-pa, fled to King Ha-im-bi-si for help. While he was seeking for aid the cunning Ki kun-des-sie, with a troop of his followers, by a trick, got Kar-i-ho-va into his power, strangled him, and had himself proclaimed King of Kamla.

"When Bi-te-pa heard of this, he hastened to his brother and demanded his share of the royal power; he would not yield to this request, but, regarding him as a dangerous and yet frivolous man, unworthy of the crown, tried to put him out of the way. Bi-te-pa was aware of this and fled from his brother, swearing deadly vengeance. With a few faithful slaves he fled over the river Kee-ne-ne into the kingdom of Handa. There he remained eight years; during that time followers gradually gathered about him who were dissatisfied with the rule of the cruel Ki-kun-des-sie. Supported with foreign soldiers, he came over the river, while I was there, attacked Ki-kun-des-sie, and, after a raging battle, overcame him and his followers. This happened two days after my audience."

"The 12th of July, early, between three and four o'clock, I was waked by a terrible noire. My people rushed into my tent and cried out, *En-ga-na Vita! Vita!* Master, the foe! the foe! I seized my weapons and went out to learn the cause of the trouble and noise; there I saw troops of people running some one way, some another, and heard the screams of the women and children running hither and hither, but for all this I could not see what for it was, nor what place he threatened. I armed myself for any emergency and encouraged my people to fight—for I was resolved to sell my life at a dear rate, which my fire-arms made possible. . . . . About ten o'clock at night, a Mu-kan-gi-si-la (guide) came to me in private to tell what had been done. 'White man,' said he, 'what must be done is done already; therefore fear not. No danger threatens thee. Bi-te-pa has killed Ki-kun-des-sie and his followers; and as he is now complete master of the land he allows no more devastation. After a few days, he will probably send you some message, wait for this and be of good cheer.'

"July 15, about 9 o'clock a. m., several men, armed with arrows and spears, entered my tent; they were sent by Bi-te-pa, with orders to conduct me to his camp. . . When I came into the neighbourhood of his camp, I heard a confused noise, and on account of the thick woods I could not make out what it was, but as I came out of the thicket, a very interesting spectacle met my eyes, which many a European would have paid much to see. On the elevated table-land, shaded by giant Ba-o-bab trees, were the warriors of Bi-te-pa, of various nations, scattered about in large or small companies. Here the Mu-han-da attracted my attention, and there the crowds of Ou-kan-y-a-ma; the former had their weapons—iron spears, arrows and clubs of wood. They were divided into groups; some were smoking, others were boiling beef and eating it half raw; while yet others were dancing and displaying their tall slender forms and their heads adorned with bright-coloured feathers. Accompanied by their favourite music of the *nia-tim-ba*, they danced the war dance *nin-yen-ge*, which is very common with these people. The warriors stand in parallel rows opposite each other, with weapons in their hands, and go through the movements as if it were a battle. They sing all manner of wild battle-songs. 'If thou art brave now is the time. March to the battle-field, but be a man!' Another cries out, 'The poison of my spear is so active that if it hits my foe, he will not have time to bid farewell to his mistress.' These and similar songs show the blood-thirsty character which appears in the battles of these savage people.

"In the midst of these companies, surrounded by his military chiefs, I found Bi-te-pa sitting apart from the others, in the shade, on the root of a tree. Close by him, on his right, I saw Ki-dun-des-sie's head on a spear (saga). As soon as he saw me, he saluted me in a friendly manner, and bid me sit down. He is about thirty-five years old, tall and fat. His features are agreeable, lit up by large mild eyes from which gentleness is reflected; and if the lines about his mouth and his strongly projecting and sharp chin had not indicated a firm and resolved will, I should not have fancied him the author of such a deed. His head was covered with a cap, like a grenadier's shokko, made of ostrich feathers, where the black and the white hang down in a natural arrangement. I confess I could not see enough of this majestic negro warrior.

Their form of government is a limited monarchy; the natives are in a very low stage of civilization, and show their skill only in the manufacture of weapons of war. Their clothing is made out of the entrails of oxen. Their weapon is the saga, an iron spear, six spans long, with an ox's tail fastened to the middle of it. This is so dangerous a weapon that at 25 or 30 paces they can drive it through an enemy with great certainty. They have arrows also, and wooden clubs three spans long. Their chief business is robbery, so they are in almost continual war with their neigbours, but are kind and hospitable to strangers. Polygamy is universal; the marriage is attended with no ceremonies. They reckon time from one moon to another, but have no division into weeks. Their religion is a sort of Monotheism; the chief doctrine is that of a Good and Evil Spirit. But, according to their opinion, the Evil Spirit has twice as much power on earth as the Good One; therefore they sacrifice only to the Evil Spirit. Their sacrifices are chiefly of oxen. They have no priests or houses of prayer, but innumerable fortune-tellers (quimban-da)."

* A large river in South Africa.

† Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthes Geographischer Anstalt uber wichtige neue Erfoschungen auf dem Gesammlgebiete der Geographie, ihr 1856, pp. 88–7, and for 1856 p. 181 *et seq*

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent maketh glacial interrogatories—He magnifieth the ice crop—He comforteth the doubtful—His opinions of skating—He goeth in for Woman's Rights—He describeth the Scenes of the same—He maketh an easy transition—His opinions as to the exclusion of witnesses for opinion's sake—He doeth justice to General Cushing, &c., &c.

BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1858.

HAVE you any ice your way? We have suffered fearful anxieties lest we should lose our Ice-crop, and not only be the worse off by the amount that industry always brings in to Boston and the neighbouring towns, but even miss of the essential refrigeration of our meats and drinks next summer in our more private capacities. Mr. Tudor, the great Inventor of Ice, of whom and whose works I remember to have told you in a letter years ago, might submit to the famine, inasmuch as he has had the providence suggested to Pharaoh by Joseph and laid in a supply for two years in advance. But as the price would also be in advance and the quantity furnished put on the footing of short allowance, it would only have been a lesser evil than not having any at all. But our alarms have been dissipated by a sufficiency of cold weather for this distress. The ice has been grown and harvested and housed, and the water and butter of all of us, and the mint-juleps and sherry-cobblers of none of us (it is to be hoped), will not suffer for the want of their glacial concomitances. I never doubted, myself, that this crop would be gathered as well as all others, since the original Noachic promise, that Summer and Winter, Seed-time and Harvest should never cease from off the earth, applies to this harvest as well as any other, and none has ever failed yet, since it began to be garnered into Ice-barns, though similar apprehensions have several times been felt and expressed in former years.

The ice this winter is not only thick enough for cutting, but also for frollicking. The skating was never finer since that admirable institution was founded. Every pond and river in New England, I take it, is alive with skaters and skateresses. For I am glad to say that this best of winter exercises is in the highest vogue among all classes of dames and damsels. I only marvel that it did not come into fashion years and centuries ago, in New England. In Holland it has always been regarded as a feminine accomplishment. Here, not very long ago, it was almost unknown to the fairer half of mankind. Now, however, things are changed and for the better. Anything that gets American women out of doors to breathe for hours the invigorating outer air of winter instead of the enervating blasts of subterranean furnaces, is in itself a good; but when it takes the shape of a delightful and pleasurable exercise of the whole frame, it becomes a positive blessing. Perhaps they will be none the worse for it, should the hardness of the times have cut short the allowance of balls, if it has induced them to substitute this graceful and beautiful pastime, under the light of the sun instead of by the glare of gas or even of candle-light. Jamaica Pond at Jamaica Plains has long been a resort for the lovers of this diversion; but this year they have extended their explorations to the old town of Dedham, where they have found an extensive field of operations in Wigwam Pond and the overflowed meadows between it and the village. This gives an area of several miles of the finest ice possible—literally as smooth as plate-glass. The Providence Railway Company took four hundred dollars last Saturday afternoon from the skating public of Boston who came to the ground (or rather to the water) by their trains So that you will not be surprised to hear that they are having the pond swept of a light fall of snow which fell yesterday, so as to encourage a continuance in such well-doing.

The slippery subject of skating brings me by a natural transition to that of politics. Not that much that can be properly called such has happened since I wrote last. The Bill abolishing the prohibition of the reception of the testimony of Atheists in Courts of Justice and elsewhere, after passing through the House, was defeated in the Senate. This is to be reconsidered to-morrow, and I trust this absurd and useless remnant of persecution for opinion's sake will be placed along side the act for hanging witches and Quakers. It is a great unhappiness, doubtless, to be an Atheist; but it is a misfortune he cannot help, if the constitution of his mind lead him to that conclusion. And, surely, it is not one that affects his credibility in matters of testimony. In point of fact, his professing opinions which are sure to make him generally despised, if not detested, is an argument in favour of his regard for the literal truth. He has only to hold his tongue, as multitudes of church-going infidels do, about his opinions, and he is as good and acceptable a Christian as anybody. And, besides, there is an earthly sanction to an oath as well as a supernatural one, the force of which applies to the Atheist as well as to the Christian. A man may deny the existence of a Heavenly Judge, but he cannot deny that of an earthly one. He may not believe in a Hell; but he knows perfectly well that there is a Penitentiary. This last is, after all, the motive which acts on the minds of every one who would not tell the truth at any rate and under any circumstances, and this sanction is as applicable to a dishonest Atheist as to a lying Christian. In point of fact, however, there is no difference in the way in which men's promises are received, in the ordinary affairs of life, on account of their religious opinions; and why should there be in judicial and official ones? I think I could name men whose oath would not be received in a Court of Justice who would be trusted with any amount of money on their simple word; while I am very sure I could mention a good many members and office-bearers of churches, who would find it hard to get themselves trusted on their bond.

This matter will settle itself, in the long run, of course, and it may carry with it, in the settlement, the whole system of judicial and custom-house imprecations. The attaching of a certain penalty to the telling of a lie under certain circumstances, would answer every civil purpose and remove a snare for tender consciences and hinder things generally held sacred from falling into contempt from their association with vulgar and worldly matters. Your readers will understand that I am solely responsible for any opinions, aside from Anti-Slavery, in my letters, and not you or the Society whose organ you are. You will not be surprised to hear, however, that "the honourable and gallant" member for Newburyport seized the opportunity this bill afforded him to signalize his piety, as he had that of the granting of the Representatives' Hall to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to magnify his patriotism. I see that a letter from this city, to *The Tribune*, last week, states that General Cushing is an ornament of the Orthodox Calvanistic denomination. I cannot say how this may be; but he distinguished himself by his zeal for religion in the debate on this bill. The presence of this gentleman is a great addition to the zest—very small, as a general thing—of our legislative proceedings. They would have been duller than even the average dullness of those that went before them, were it not for the occasional stirring up that they get from him. And, though he has no party behind him, yet his unscrupulousness and quick-wittedness often give him advantages over the rest of the house, especially in consequence of the ill-cemented parts of which the governing majority is made up. So that he seems to exercise an influence and to have a superiority which he owes to lucky circumstances and not to his native power.

For example, the combination of Know-Nothings and Republicans having carried the State, these last, though largely the majority, felt obliged to throw out some small tub to the whale of Know-Nothingism, shrunk though it were to the dimensions of a minnow. So they introduced a plan for requiring foreigners to live two years in the jurisdiction, after naturalization, before being admitted to vote. The original Know-Nothing plan was to require fourteen years' residence. So this was but a very moderate instalment of the first demand. But it gave General Cushing an opportunity to stir them up on the Negro question. Why was it that there was such sensitiveness to the rights of black men among those who would thus limit that of foreigners who happened to belong to another race? Why was it not as rational to exclude a man of African descent from political rights as one of Celtic or Teutonic derivation? If you admit that a man may thus be excluded because of his nativity, why not on account of his colour? This is merely my own paraphrase of his line of argument, as it remains in my mind, after the lapse of several days. And though much might be said, and though there are men in the House fully capable of grappling even with so potent an adversary, there was no effectual answer to him. His speech was of the most insolent and inhuman tone towards the black race and the red race. It was a public statement to the slaveholders that, at the next Presidential Convention, they could not find, even among themselves, a candidate more thoroughly with them in heart and soul. And it happened, oddly enough, that Mr. Wendell Phillips was delivering a lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture, the hearers of which might possibly draw comparisons between that black hero, in matters pertaining to war and peace and the white one, who had so distinguished himself in Mexico and at Washington, not probably entirely to the disadvantage of the former. Indeed, as was once said, on another occasion, of another person, Toussaint might have been split into a cord of Cushings, and had a good many chips left over.

D. Y.

Summary.

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL MONUMENT. — The Virginia Senate has rejected the bill to aid in erecting a monument in Philadelphia in commemoration of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician, in one of our Western States, to a rather irritable member of the defeated party. "I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was licked by dogs."

A PLUCKY WOMAN.—A maiden lady in Westport, Me., who is possessed of considerable real estate, on being called upon to pay her highway tax for the present year claimed an equal right with the lords of creation of working it out on the highway, and actually appeared with hoe in hand, and discharged her duty to the satisfaction of the surveyor.

A Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) *Express* has the following paragraph: "It is not, perhaps generally known that the Hon. Edward Everett has a sister now performing the sacred duties of a Sister of Charity. Yet such is the fact, and she is about to take the position of Lady Superior, in the St. Joseph's Seminary in this city. She will probably arrive nearly at the same time with Mr. Everett, who is coming to deliver his grand oration on the character of Washington."

THE TRACT SOCIETY IN CHICAGO.—The Churches in the West Division of Chicago being nearly unanimous in their determination to refuse to reorganize the American Tract Society as a fit representative of Evangelical Christianity, or a proper advocate of the interests of vital godliness and sound morality, so long as it refuses to expose and reprove the immoralities of slavery, met on Monday, the 1st inst., in the First Congregational church, Rev. W. W. Patton's, and organized an Independent City Tract Society on Union principles. Eleven Churches, of seven denominations, were represented in the meeting.

OPEN TO CONVICTION. — The Richmond *South*, in announcing "the defeat of the Administration," in the vote upon Mr. Harris's motion, takes heart and exclaims:

"But the Black Republican-Douglas majority was so small that we are sanguine of ultimate success. Surely more than three men on the other side are 'open to conviction.' Of course our own friends will stand firm. We do not give up the ship."

"Open to conviction" means here susceptible of bribery. But *The South* may as well "give up the ship." That resource was exhausted before the question was taken on Monday. Votes which were not in the market previous to the "defeat of the Administration" are not likely to be for sale now.—*Times*.

JOSIAH QUINCY AND LORD LYNDHURST NURSED BY THE SAME WOMAN.—At a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society on the 11th, Lord Lyndhurst, of England, a native of Boston, was elected an honorary member, pending which the senior member of the Society, Hon. Josiah Quincy, made some remarks relative to this distinguished nobleman. Both he and Lord Lyndhurst were born in the same year and the same town; and indeed it is the family tradition that the same nurse officiated on both occasions. Whether she was a wet or a dry nurse he did not know; but the fact that both had lived so long was in favour, at least, of a faithful performance of duty in both cases. He remembered meeting Lyndhurst in his young days, when he was regarded with great favour, and especially by the ladies. His family did not leave this country because they were tories, but because they preferred England. Thus their paths diverged. He (Lyndhurst) planted himself on a soil that was propitious for the growth of lords, and so grew up to be a lord, while he (Mr. Quincy) remained here and became a sovereign.

"GREAT-MAJORITY GROW."—Galusha A. Grow is a native of Wyndham County, Conn., and is now at out thirty-five years of age, of medium size. At the age of three years he was left fatherless; at seventeen he entered Amherst College, Mass. In 1850 he was first elected to Congress, from Wilmot's District in Pennsylvania, by 1,250 majority, and took his seat in 1851, the youngest man in the House. He is now serving his fourth term. His district, Democratic previous to 1854, gave him 7,500 majority at his second election, at the third he was elected unanimously, and at the fourth his majority was 8,000!

Mr. Grow is said to be "of slight figure, measuring about five feet and ten inches in height. He is a man of marked appearance, with a countenance indicating energy and force, whose expression is heightened by dark, piercing eyes, which flash with electric brilliancy whenever he is excited in debate. He has a most amiable disposition, and would be hard to provoke to a fight, unless irritated beyond endurance."

CALLING NEGROES "BRETHREN."—A Northern Methodist minister, on a visit to Maryland, thus writes:

"My host being leader of the coloured class, I took pleasure in occasionally accompanying him and leading the class. I termed them 'brothers and sisters,' but the good brother told me he *did not apply* these filial and fraternal terms to the members of his coloured class; he did not think it proper! Said I, 'What do you call them, brother?' 'Well, I call them aunts, uncles, Tom, Dick, or Harry!' reminding me of the words of Clementine the IVth, who, having ascended the papal chair, returned the bow of the congratulating embassadors and others. When the master of the ceremonies told his Holiness that he should not have returned their salute, 'O! I beg your pardon,' said he, 'I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners.'"

MR. LONG CORROBORATED.—A writer in the Western *Methodist Protestant* says: "I wish to relate a circumstance that was related to me, that occurred in the vicinity where I was raised. A negro man by the name of Saul, a man of God, universally esteemed as a Christian, a man of good common sense, was by his old master set free at his death. After the old man was gone, the heirs sold him (Saul) to the South. The old lady is now dead, but Saul is in bondage, though by the will he is as free as any one, but beyond the reach of liberty. The administrator of the estate is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, and holds slaves, and denied that the Church was anti-slavery; and one of them undertook a defence of the system from the Bible; and when I drove him from his position, he then said that the black man was naturally mean. Said I, so is the white man naturally mean. He said he hated abolitionism more than he hated slavery."—*Zion's Herald*.

JOHN MITCHEL TURNED KNOW-NOTHING. — Our readers recollect an anecdote of John Mitchel, the Irish refugee, published a short time since in the *Gazette*, in which he is represented as having said to a darkey he owns or hires, "Sambo, we are going to open the African slave trade, and bring regular jet black, ivory-toothed, Guinea niggers into this country. What do you think of it?" Sambo replied, "Well, massa, tink it would be a good ting, and keep all dese low Irish out."

John seems to have been thinking seriously of the darkie's answer, and has finally resolved to be guided by his superior wisdom, for he is now denouncing in the *Southern Citizen*—the paper he publishes in Tennessee—the naturalization laws, and fears that, unless they are repealed, "the United States is in danger of being made a common alms-house *refugium peccatorium*, and penal colony of the world."—

Miscellaneous Department.

DR. JOHN DALTON—THE ATOMIC THEORY.

It was a cold December morning, and the snow lay deep on the ground, when a man, already somewhat advanced in years, and carrying a lantern, might have been seen to emerge from the house of W. Johns, in George street, Manchester, and proceed towards the Literary and Scientific Institution of that city. He was rather above the middle size, tall and bony. His features were hard, though not harsh; his eyes deeply set and thoughtful. His body was slightly bent—not conveying an idea of infirmity, but rather that sort of bending forward sometimes met with in pedestrians, and which creates the notion of a desire to hurry along. He wore the dress of a member of the Society of Friends, somewhat the worse for wear, but still not shabby from age. The day had barely dawned; but, guided by the beams of his lantern, you might see, if observant, that his habiliments were spotted and stained; while a closer inspection would prove that not a few stains had become holes, as if burned by sparks of fire, or some corrosive fluid.

The active life of Manchester is not like an ocean flood which ebbs and flows, but like the current of an impetuous river which ever hurries on. It was difficult to regard the tall factory chimneys belching forth their smoke that morning, to gaze on the crowded streets, and to hear the busy click of machinery mingling with the hum of men, without feeling convinced that Manchester was a city of action, not of contemplation—that the worker out of abstractions could find no place there. Silently, amidst this din and throng, the tall, hard-featured lantern-bearer moves on. He goes towards the Literary and Philosophic Institution. Suppose we follow.

Is the man a lunatic? Unmoved by the hum of passing wayfarers, the lantern-bearer talks to himself. He talks of Plato, of Pythagoras and Thales; he mentions also Lucretius; then whimsically mixes up those antique names with others of modern date. No, he is no lunatic, but a thinker aloud, a reverist. Arrived at the door of the Institution, he gives his lantern a shake, as much as to say, "I have it now," then opens the door and enters. He next proceeds at once to the laboratory, and deposits his lantern on the table. He then lays and lights the fire, according to the most approved rules of fuel economy—a perfect model of a servant in the matter of saving firewood, for, of course, a servant he must be.

Manchester has long been celebrated for her resident chemists. Calico-printing involves some of the highest branches of applied chemistry; and every new colour, and almost every new pattern, which may appear from time to time on a piece of Manchester printed goods, is the fruit of some new chemical discovery. In our curiosity, we wait. We like to see clever men at work in their retreats. We are in no hurry: the chemical professor will by and by walk in. But that lantern-bearing Plato and Lucretius-quoting fire-lighter, we are getting tired of him. There, he will go soon. He sweeps the laboratory clean, and dusts the bottles. He goes but not away. He proceeds to an adjoining room, and, taking his stand in front of the wall, whereon hang several barometers, thermometers and hygrometers, he opens a book. He now enters particulars of temperature, atmospheric moisture and barometric height, like a philosophic painstaking observer. He does not work like one unacquainted with his toils. He is an adept. Looking at the barometric mercury, for instance, no chronicling of mere inches, or quarters, or even eighths of inches serves his turn. He estimates the variation from yesterday by a Vernier scale, as an accurate philosopher would have done. He compares the barometers one with another, and, finding that the mercury contained in one stands lower than the mercury of the others, he says (for he appears to be in the habit of talking to himself), "bad, bad." Then referring to a memorandum book in which the date of the construction of that barometer stands recorded, he finds the tube was neither dried nor was the mercury boiled. He makes a note of these facts. If the Professor's servant be thus wise, how much wiser must the Professor be?

A knock—a double knock! Does the Professor come at last? The lantern-bearer opened the door without delay, and an old gentleman entered. His face was radiant with joy, and he seemed to be out of breath. The lantern-bearer had no time to say a word, before the stranger seized him rapturously by the hand, and shook it heartily. "Friend," said he, "I bring you good news. Good morning, DOCTOR *Dalton*."

The lantern-bearer opened his eyes as if aroused from a reverie, but he made no remark; his ideas were apparently in another channel.

"Good morning, *Doctor* Dalton," repeated the stranger, laying particular stress on the word "doctor."

If his object had been to surprise the lantern-bearer, he was disappointed. The word "doctor," though strongly emphasized, seemed to have made no impression. The lantern-bearer was apparently thinking too much about his barometers, for, having bid his friend good morrow, he turned towards his instruments again.

"I call you *doctor*," repeated the new-comer. "Do you hear me?"

"Did you indeed?" replied Dalton.

The stranger laughed.

"On some people," said he, "honours fall unthankfully, like drops of water into a thankless sea; whilst others would give their ears for honours. The Oxford people are going to make you D.C.L."

"D.C.L.," said Dalton, "and what is that?"

"Doctor of Civil Law," replied the friend."

"Doctor of Civil Law!" repeated Dalton, musingly, in a falsetto pitch of a naturally gruff voice; and burst into an incipient laugh, not loud, roistering laughter, but a subdued cackling laugh—a proper laugh for a philosopher. "What do I know about law, friend?" demanded he, as soon as he could speak—"law civil or law criminal."

"Pshaw! it is a very great honour," replied the friend—"the highest that can be given by the University."

"Honour! but I say I know nothing about civil law; and if I don't know it, how can I teach it? and if I can't teach it, why am I to be called doctor?"

"It is simply a compliment," repeated the stranger, smiling.

"Well, I could call it something else, if I liked," was Dalton's sly remark. "Doctor of Civil Law! Well, that *is* odd. If they would call me doctor of the laws of atomic combinations, there would be sense and truth in it; but doctor of civil law is neither sense nor truth."

"Now, I have it," was the friend's remark. "The Oxonians are determined to have you; and I have no doubt, as a special favour, they will allow the initials D.C.L. to stand for Doctor of Combination Laws. There, will that suit you?"

Perhaps by this time the fact will be evident that the elderly lantern-bearer, who came forth so early in the morning to light the laboratory fire, was no other than the illustrious Dalton himself, the philosopher whose name is associated with one of the most remarkable scientific discoveries of modern times—one second only in importance perhaps to the discovery of gravitation. Yes, it was Dalton who thus, day by day, lighted his laboratory fire. That great man would perform an analysis for half-a-crown, or give a lesson for eighteenpence, and thank you, in either case, for the trifle; whilst many an inferior chemist would have thought himself dishonoured by touching any but a golden fee—so little connection is there between self-respect and self conceit.

The philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome were fond of arguing about philosophic beliefs—matters which they could neither prove nor disprove, because they were not experimental people. Amongst the chief topics of argumentation, the following was one: whether a thing having weight, and cognisable to the senses (matter), could or could not be divided without end. Epicurus and Pythagoras imagined that matter could be thus divided *ad infinitum*, and Lucretius sets forth the views of these philosophers. Other ancients, too numerous for mention here, adopted the other side of the argument; and so they continued to argue away, proving nothing, until both sides got tired.

And what do you say about the argument, reader? Don't fear giving an opinion. You have common sense, and that goes a long way in philosophy. What do *you* think about it? Can a substance—*any* substance—a potato, for instance—can that potato, we ask, be indefinitely divided, or is such indefinite division impossible? Evidently the potato may be cut into two halves, and each of the two halves may be halved again, and again, and again, and so on, until our eyes are not sharp enough to see the little pieces. If instruments be now had recourse to—a microscope and a delicate knife—the division may be carried still further; and it thus seems proved that the subdivision of the potato *ad infinitum* is conceivable, if our instruments were delicate enough to effect the subdivisions, and our eyes to make them discernible. Thus argued Epicurus and his followers.

Let us now look at the other side of the argument, illustrating it by an assumption. Suppose that amongst the unknown things existing in parts of the earth yet unexplored, there should be a lump of new matter found (we may not say a particle)—a lump of some definite size—as big as a potato, for example. Suppose that lump of new matter should be so very hard that no human means could break, or cut or otherwise divide it. What then? It would be indivisible, of course: "uncutable," or, if we choose to adopt a Greek expression, it would be "atomic," this word being a modification of *a* (not) and *τεμνειν* (to cut)—not cutable, or not divisible—in short, "atomic."

So it appears, then, that our ordinary notion of an atom, as being something necessarily small, is only, after all, an indirect notion. That atoms *must* be small, if they really do exist, is demonstrable, since all matter can be divided to the furthest limits permitted by our means; and the division might be carried further still if our means and our senses permitted. But, for anything one knows to the contrary, the potato *may* be composed of amazingly small indivisible parts; and the hard indivisible parts might each have been tangibly large—as large, say, as a potato, as we have assumed to be the case with the new mineral invoked by our hypothesis. Whether large or small, such palpable indivisible masses would have been to all intents and purposes *atoms*.

Marx, then! There lurked a fallacy in the argument of those who denied the possibility of atoms, because a substance (a potato, say) might, as they said, be conceived to be infinitely divisible. This line of illustration by no means proves that the potato could be infinitely divided, were it not for the imperfection of our senses and our tools; but merely (which is quite another thing) that the *space* occupied by that potato might be thus divided.

If atoms of matter be so inconceivably small, how, then, could people expect to see them? and if not seen, how could their existence be demonstrated? The ancients could get no proof, so they allowed the discussion to drop. Even in later times, our own illustrious Newton, though a believer in the existence of atoms, could not prove them to exist. He hoped they might hereafter be rendered visible by high microscopic power, but that hope has never been realized, and no one at this time believes that it ever will be realized. After Newton's time, the discussion dropped once more, and it may be said to have remained in abeyance until the celebrated labours of Dalton proved the existence of atoms by every testimony short of rendering them visible. We can never hope to see them, they are so very, very small.

But, reader, we must now find a tangible illustration, else you will not get your promised peep into the enchanted regions of the atomic theory.

You and I, we will assume, are schoolboys for the nonce. We have a bag before us, that bag containing leaden bullets. Dipping my hand into the bag, I withdraw a handful of leaden bullets, throw them into the scale pan, and weigh them; their weight we find to be (say) *three* ounces. We take another dip, and proceed exactly as before; but the weight is now (say) *five* ounces. Once more, *six* ounces. Once more, *four* ounces; and yet again, *two* ounces. That will do. Let us now see what comes of this.

We perceive that, although our dippings have been quite at random, we get no fractions of an ounce—no halves and quarters, and so forth. Moreover, the results of the five weighings seem to prove that each of the bullets weighs exactly one ounce; and if similar results accrued from any number of weighings, that which was at first a notion would grow into an irresistible conviction. Do you perceive what comes of this? There are sixty-three known kinds of matter, in respect to which Dalton perceived that, weigh them, torture them, analyze them as he might, his weighings, torturings and analyses disclosed no fractions. How can this fact be explained, except on the assumption that matter is composed of ultimate atoms?

If we now assume, in place of the existence of one set of bullets of one weight and one substance, the existence of sixty-three different kinds of bullets, differing from each other in weight; so that, calling the weight of the lightest 1, the weight of the heaviest would be 213, we arrive at a still nearer idea of the conditions of the atomic theory.

It so happens that each kind of matter has its own appointed work to do; and that one kind of matter can do the work, or fill the place of another kind: thus, to give an example in the language of chemistry, chlorine can unite with hydrogen, and so can oxygen; but whereas exactly eight parts by weight of oxygen are required by exactly one part by weight of hydrogen to generate water, it takes thirty-six parts, by weight, of chlorine, to be equivalent *for*, or take the place *of*, the aforesaid eight parts by weight of oxygen, and by combining with the one part by weight of hydrogen, to form muriatic acid. So 1, 8 and 36 are said to be the equivalents or atomic numbers of hydrogen, oxygen and chlorine respectively. In like manner, each of the sixty-three kinds of matter has its own combining, or equivalent, or atomic number; for instance, the atomic number of the metal copper is 32, and that of silver is 108; by which we mean to say, that if one part of hydrogen can do a certain amount of work, it will require eight parts of oxygen, thirty-six of chlorine, one hundred and eight of silver, and thirty-two of copper, to do the same amount of work.

But what are these numbers the respective weights of? grains, ounces, pounds, or, in short, *what*? Just whatever you please. Atoms being inconceivably small, we are unable to weigh them absolutely: we can only ascertain the relation subsisting between their weights; the ratio according to which each is lighter or heavier than its neighbours.

Cui bono? What the advantage? Oh, it is universal. Everything truthful and reliable in analytical and operative chemistry depends upon an application of the facts above mentioned. Take an example. If silver be thrown into acquafortis, the metal dissolves and disappears, but it still exists in the acquafortis. The piece of silver, we will presume, weighed 108 grains. A chemist wishes to get this silver, but the aquafortis will not let him have it until it receives a *quid pro quo*. The greedy solvent will be content with copper, and so the chemist determines to give it copper; but he wishes to give it the exact quantity required, neither more nor less. Dalton's law teaches the chemist that 32 grains of copper will be the exact quantity. He adds that amount, and down goes the silver. It was a great thing, even practically speaking, to have made this discovery, believe me; and if you ever become a chemist, you will say so.—*Leisure Hour.*

DEEP DESIGN ON SOCIETY.

I KNOW how to read and write, and I have a pretty knack at ciphering, in all the branches of that useful art which overshadow the human mind on this side of Vulgar Fractions. As to any attainments, however, beyond these, I think I may safely say (having due consideration for my superior station in life) that I am, out of all comparison, the most ignorant in this country. I attribute my want of information on every subject under the sun to the unnecessary and vexatious difficulties which beset the acquisition of knowledge in all directions. Everything else that I want, I can get easily. My apartments (furnished, in an excellent neighbourhood), my little tasteful dinner, my gentlemanly clothing, my comfortable reserved seat at public amusements; my neat carriage, to take me out and bring me home; my servant, who bears with my small caprices, and takes troubles of all kinds off my hands—these accessories, which revolve round the great fact of my existence, come obediently at my call whenever I want them, and dance attendance, in excellent time, to the faintest jingle of my silver and gold. But Knowledge, scrubby Knowledge, declines to be summoned at five minutes' notice; scorns an invitation from me, even when I deliver it myself at the end of my purse; wants my time instead of my money, and my patience instead of my patronage; expects me to follow, where I am accustomed to lead; meets me, in short, on audaciously equal terms, and, as a natural and proper consequence, fails to enjoy the honour of my acquaintance.

I had written thus far the day before yesterday, turning my sentences, I think, very prettily, with a soothing use of metaphor and a pleasing crispness in my arrangement of words—I had written thus far, when my brother (a very useful unassuming man) brought me a present of a little book, which informed me, the moment I opened it, that Knowledge had, so to speak, come to its senses at last, and had learnt the necessity of offering itself on reasonably easy terms to all persons of distinction who might desire to possess it.

The book in question is called *Things Not Generally Known*. It is short; it is portable; it may be taken up one minute and put down the next; it presents abstruse information ready cut and dried into short paragraphs on all subjects—on Domestic Manners, and Life and Death; on the Animal Kingdom, and Church and State; on the Marvels of the Heavens, and the Dignities of the Earth. I am much obliged to my brother (a well-meaning man, but without ambition or talents for society) for giving me this book. I am much obliged to Mr. John Timbs, the industrious person who put it together. I intend to recommend him. Why should I not? He saves me the trouble of digging up my own information out of the mine of Knowledge, just as my tailor saves me the trouble of making my own clothes; just as my cook saves me the trouble of preparing my own dinner. He also assists me in realizing the one aspiration which my prosperous position in the world has left me free to form. Handsome, engaging, perfectly dressed, comfortably rich, the one thing I want to complete me is to be well-informed, without the inconvenience of preliminary study. My solitary deficiency is now supplied on the most easy and reasonable terms. I can rush forthwith, by a short cut, into the reputation of a man of vast knowledge, and a talker of unlimited capacity. I can silence all men; I can astonish and captivate all women. Is this mere idle boasting? Certainly not. I have my inestimable pocket Manual of ready-made wisdom, to fit all minds; I have modest assurance, and an excellent memory; I have a brother who will make himself useful as a prompter, and who can be depended on to lead all up to my favourite subjects. What follows, as a matter of course, from these advantages to start with? Conversation which is, by the very nature of it, a monologue, because it bristles at all points with Things Not Generally Known.

I am candour itself: I desire to conceal nothing; and I warn society that I am going to begin covering myself with glory, as a great talker and a mine of information, on Thursday week. I have a dinner invitation on that day, to meet a posse of clever people. It is to be followed by a soirée with more clever people. I am not in the least afraid of this mass of intelligence. It may be formidable enough on its own customary ground of Things Generally Known; but I shall turn it topsy-turvy, ie no time, with Things Not Generally Known. I shall take to this festival my inestimable pocket Manual, my modest assurance, my excellent memory, and my brother. On Thursday week, there will be the most remarkable dinner-party in all England. The Indian Mutiny, the Panic, the Leviathan, the new Parliament, the very weather itself, everything, in short, which is generally known, will be blown away from every mouth the instant I open my lips, and sow my Things Not Generally Known, broad-cast, among the company and the dishes, from the first course to the dessert.

For instance, let us say the cover is off the fish—cod's head and shoulders, I know by anticipation. My brother (previously instructed, and a very trustworthy person in small matters) whispers to me, "Page thirteen, Jack the Age of the Globe." My host (an old-fashioned man, who asks everybody what they will have, instead of leaving it to the servants) says, "Fish, my dear fellow?" I shudder, and turn from him with horror. "Good Heavens, Simpson! do you take me for a cannibal?" Simpson stares; the company stare; everybody is puzzled but my useful brother, who is behind the scenes. The opportunity is mine—and I let off my first Thing Not Generally Known, with a loud report, thus:

"Fish!" I exclaim. "You eat fish, after the discovery of the great Demaillet, whose thoughts on the age of the globe are in the hands of every schoolboy? Is it possible that nobody here remembers the passage in which it is stated distinctly that man was originally a fish? Nay more, my dear, madam, there are still fish to be met with, in the ocean, which are half-men, on their progress to the perfect human shape, and whose descendants will, in process of time—you understand me, in process of time?—become men. Ah, you smile, sir," I proceed, stopping a man at the lower end of the table, who is asking, under his breath, for news from India, and letting off my second Thing at the same time. "You smile? Well, well, I am not bigoted about Demaillet's theory. I grant you there may be something in Woodward's idea that the deluge was occasioned by a momentary suspension of cohesion among the particles of mineral bodies—nor am I prepared to deny (as who is?) that Oken—may I trouble you for the salt?—that Oken has perhaps solved the great deluge problem in those five immortal words, 'All is done by Polarisation.' Short, you will say, doctor—but how full of meaning, how very full of meaning!"

I offer this as a specimen of the neat manner in which a Thing, so generally known as a Cod's Head, may be made, as it were, to fire a mine of recondite information in the midst of an astonished company, thanks to my pocket Manual and to the industrious person who has put it together. But, if need be, I can do without dishes, and can use the people who eat from them to serve my purpose instead. I take it that a nervous old lady, neatly dressed in stiff black silk, who was a great beauty in some past century, and who is now a wonderful woman for her age, is a Thing generally known at family dinner-parties. Nothing is more graceful and becoming in a young and dashing gentleman than a little delicate conversational attention, on his part, offered to venerable age in the presence of a mixed company; and nothing is more difficult than to hit on an appropriate topic where a man's mind is unprovided with a proper store of Things Not Generally Known. In my case, no such obstacle as this can possibly exist. I can stick a fact with which nobody is familiar into the head of the typical old woman, with whom everybody is familiar, and can set it a-light for the public benefit at a moment's notice. Say, we are just assembling round the dinner-table. The venerable lady is slow in getting to her chair, and nervous about sitting down in it. Her daughter says, "Dear mama, don't hurry." I instantly groan, shake my head, and fix my eyes on Mrs. Methuselah. My brother (perfectly invaluable where nothing but mere watchfulness is wanted) whispers, "Page fifteen, Jack—the three motions of the earth!"—and off I go with another Thing, like a race-horse from the starting-post.

"Did I hear your daughter, ma'am, beg you not to hurry?" I begin with a faint smile. "Excuse me, but of all the vain requests she could possibly have addressed to you, this is the most utterly futile. You are hurrying at this very moment, ma'am, at the rate of a hundred and fifty millions of miles a-year towards a particular point in the heavens, a star in the constellation Hercules. We—or, if you like, our Earth, which comes to the same thing—have three Motions. Two, generally known, round our own axis and round the sun. A third, not at all generally known, and recently discovered by great astronomers, with which I have just had the pleasure of making you acquainted. Don't be alarmed, ma'am, the sun and all the planets are rushing in our direction, and at our rate, and it is my private opinion that when we do come into collision with that star in the constellation Hercules, we shall probably smash it, and go on again smoothly as if nothing had happened."

Shall we get back again to the dishes, just to show how easily I can garnish any of them with Things Not Generally Known, as I garnished the Cod's Head? The dinner is nearly over. The cheese has appeared; and the salad is being handed round. "Page twenty-six," my brother whispers, as the servant approaches me with the verdant bowl.

"Salad, sir?"

"Any oil in it?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Take it away directly, then. So long as sea-sickness continues to torture humanity, I cannot reconcile it to my conscience uselessly to consume even the small quantity of oil which adheres to the leaf of a lettuce."

General astonishment—general anxiety to know what I mean. Down comes another Thing, directly, shaken out of my bottomless bag of ready-made information.

"What produces sea-sickness?" I ask, leaning back in my chair, and putting one hand impressively into my waistcoat. "The rolling of the sea, and the consequent pitching and tossing of the vessel that floats on it. Still the sea, and you still the vessel. Still the vessel, and you still the human stomach. But, who is to still the sea? Pooh! pooh! give me a boat, a vial of oil, and a Professor to pour it out—and the thing is done. You doubt that, do you? Ah, dear! dear! this is what comes of Things not being generally known. It is a fact, with which few persons, unhappily, are familiar, that Professor Horsford (you see I don't mind mentioning names)—that Professor Horsford, by emptying a vial of oil upon the sea in a stiff breeze, stilled the surface. After that, don't talk to me about sea-sickness, and don't expect a man who loves his species, to eat salad, and so waste oil which might be used in mitigating human suffering. Give me a row of boats from Dover to Calais, and a row of Professors in them (well wrapped up, for such men are precious), each armed with his vial of oil. Professor Number One empties his bottle, the moment the steamer leaves the harbour; Professor Number Two, at a proper interval, follows his example—and so on, all through the row, over to Calais. What is the inevitable consequence? A stiff breeze becomes known, to all future ages, only as a Horsford calm—the privileges of continental travel are thrown open to the most uproarious stomach in existence—and the children of the next generation, when they see the verb To Retch in the English Dictionary, look up innocently into our faces, and say, with a smile, 'Papa, what does it mean?'"

Will that do, for dinner? If it will, I am ready to proceed up stairs, to join the soirée, and to go on inexhaustibly scattering my Things about me, in that new sphere of action. Youth of the fair sex, which shuns the sober dinner-table, floats in with the evening gathering (I despise the man who can speak of a young lady and not be poetical) like the beams of the young moon; like the rays of the rising sun (I throw this sort of thing off very easily); like the flood of gorgeous light from a chemist's window when the gas is lit; like the sparkles from a diamond ring; like the welcome glow from a lighthouse that brightens the bosom of the deep; like ——well, well, the reader may be out of breath by this time, though I am not: let us therefore wind our way back through the labyrinth of comparisons to our original starting-point of female youth and beauty.

It (female youth and beauty) comes to the soirée with its mama and its nosegay, and its smile and its precious dress, and its plump shoulders, and its captivating freshness in the matter of Things Not Generally Known. It sits down and looks innocently interested about nothing in particular. It receives compliments from male youth and beauty; and blushes and beams, and flirts its nosegay, and rustles its precious dress, responsive. But what compliments! Not the smallest atom of useful information wrapped up in any one of them. Not so much as the shadow of rivalry for me to dread, when I enter the field with my soft speech and my Things Not Generally Known—my oil and vinegar; my nonsense and my knowledge—so mixed up together that no human art can ever separate them again. I bide my time till the eye of female youth and beauty catches mine, and beams indulgent recognition—then turn to my brother and whisper, interrogatively, "Compliment to a pretty girl?" he answers, directly, "Page Forty One: Phenomena of Vision"—and I slide off forthwith to the corner where the charming creature sits twiddling her nosegay and bashfully expecting me.

"I saw you looking sympathetically at your sister-flowers," I begin, in that soft, murmuring, mysterious tone of voice, which we ladies' men so perpetually and so successfully use in all our communications with the fair sex; "and I longed to be one of them—this scarlet geranium, for instance. Do you know why I envy that one little flower with all my heart?"

"Because I like to look at it, I suppose, you selfish man!" says the young lady, little suspecting that, under cover of this apparent nonsense, there lies artfully in wait for her a Thing Not Generally Known.

"No," I answer, "not because you look at it—though that is much—but because it has the happy, the priceless privilege of making your eyes undulate four hundred and eighty-two millions of times in a second. Todd—do you know him?—states it as a scientific fact that you must undulate all those millions of times—in one second (pray, don t forget that) before you can perceive a scarlet tint. Why, ah why, am I not of a scarlet tint?—or, better still, of a violet tint? For, believe me, I am not exaggerating when I tell you (on the authority of Todd, whose Cyclopædia may be procured at any of the libraries) that those laughing eyes must undergo seven hundred and seven millions of millions of undulatory movements, if they look at a violet tint. Out of all those vibrations might there not be one little one adventurous enough to stray from the eye to the heart? May I sacrifice all propriety by wearing a violet waistcoat, the next time we meet, and will you reward me for that outrage on good manners by looking at it, for one second? Not for my sake and in my name—ah, no, I dare not ask for that!—but for the sake of Science and in the name of Todd!"

After this specimen—a very slight one—of what I can do with a young lady at an evening party, it would be a mere waste of time to offer any proofs of my power of overwhelming elderly people of both sexes and of all degrees of capacity. I must have written vainly, indeed, if I have not made it manifest by this time that I can really and truly (densely ignorant as I am) carry out my intention of becoming a great talker, a most amusing man, and a mine of rare information, all together and all of a sudden, on Thursday week. Confident, however, as I feel on this point—thanks to my toilsome gentleman who has provided me with my Things—I must confess to one little misgiving, which troubles me at this very moment, and which I have no objection to communicate immediately.

Perhaps the intelligent reader thinks he can guess at my misgiving, without the slightest assistance from me. Perhaps he thinks that I am apprehensive, when I am quite prepared with my whole list of Things Not Generally Known, of becoming, not only a great talker, but also a finished and complete bore. No such fear ever has, or ever can, enter into my head. I have no objection whatever to being a bore. My experience of the world has shown me that, upon the whole, a bore gets on much better in it, and is much more respected and permanently popular, than what is called a clever man. A few restless people, with an un-English appetite for perpetual variety, have combined to set up the bore as a species of bugbear to frighten themselves, and have rashly imagined that the large majority of their fellow-creatures could see clearly enough to look at the formidable creature with their eyes. Never did any small minority make any greater mistake as to the real extent of its influence! English society has a placid enjoyment in being bored. If any man tells me that this is a paradox, I, in return, defy him to account, on any other theory, for three-fourths of the so-called recreations which are accepted as at once useful and amusing by the British nation. Why are people always ready to give, and to go to parties? Why do they throng to certain Lectures and to certain Plays? What takes them to public meetings, and to the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons? Why are the debates reported in full in the newspapers? Why are people, on certain social occasions, always ready to leave off talking together, for the sake of making speeches and listening to them? Why is it that the few critics always discover the dullness of heavy books, and that the many readers never seem to be able to find it out? What, in short, to put the whole question into one sentence, is the secret of the notoriety and success of half the public men and half the public and private entertainments in this country? I answer, the steady inswelling element of Boredom: firmly-settled, long-established, widely-accepted Boredom. Let no young man, with an eye to getting on in the world, rashly despise the Bore: he is the only individual in this country who is sure of his position and safe with his public.

What is it, then, that I am afraid of? Plainly and only this: I am afraid of being forestalled in the Deep Design on Society, which I have just been endeavouring to describe. On the title-page of my inestimable pocket Manual, I find these formidable words, "*Sixteenth thousand.*" Are these sixteen thousand ignorant people who have bought this book, with the fell purpose of distinguishing themselves in society, as I propose to distinguish myself? It seems fearfully probable that there are; and, in that case, it is more than likely we may, some of us, meet round the same festive board, and jostle each other in a manner dreadful to think of. Can we not, my sixteen thousand ignorant brothers and sisters, come to some arrangement? Shall we have a public meeting and divide the inestimable pocket Manual among us fairly? I must have my subject for Thursday week—I must, indeed. If any one of the sixteen thousand is going out to dinner on that day, I call upon him publicly to come forward, as I have publicly come forward in this paper, for the purpose of stating plainly what house he is going to, and how many Things Not Generally Known he means to use, and which they are. If he will meet me fairly, I will meet him fairly; and, what is more, I will even lead up to his choice bits, and throw my brother in to prompt. All I want is that we should be a united body, and that we should not interfere with each other. We have a sure game before us, if we only shuffle our cards properly. Let us be organized like other Societies. Why should we not take a leaf out of the Freemasons' book? I, for one, don't mind sacrificing my own exclusive tastes, and walking in procession occasionally, with an apron round my loins, profusely decorated with symbols of Things Not Generally Known—supposing that ceremony to be essential, in our case (as it apparently is in that of the Freemasons), to the strict preservation of a secret. Let us forthwith have a mystic sign by which we may communicate privately, in the broadest glare of the public eye. Let us swear each other sixteen thousand times over to secresy on the subject of the pocket Manual. In one last word—for I must come to an end somewhere, inexhaustibly as I could run on, if I pleased—let us in the name of everything that is fraternal and fair and gentlemanly, combine to enjoy the good Things-Not-Generally-Known-of-this-world, share and share alike. If we can do that, and if we can only keep the rest of the public out, we are sure of making our reputations, and sure of keeping our hold of society as long as we please.—*Household Words.*

From The Atlantic Monthly.

THE OLD BURYING-GROUND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our vales are sweet with fern and rose,
Our hills are maple-crowned;
But not from them our fathers chose
The village burying-ground.

The dreariest spot in all the land
To Death they set apart;
With scanty grace from Nature's hand,
And none from that of Art.

A winding wall of mossy stone,
Frost-flung and broken, lines
A lonesome acre thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Without the wall a birch-tree shows
Its drooped and tasselled head;
Within, slag-borned sumach grows,
Fern-leafed with spikes of red.

There, sheep that graze the neighbouring plain
Like white ghosts come and go,
The farm-horse drags his fetlock chain,
The cow-bell tinkles slow.

Low moans the river from its bed,
The distant pines reply;
Like mourners shrinking from the dead,
They stand apart and sigh.

Unshaded smites the summer sun,
Unchecked the winter blast;
The school-girl learns the place to shun,
With glances backward cast.

For thus our fathers testified—
That he might read who ran—
The emptiness of human pride,
The nothingness of man.

They dared not plant the grave with flowers,
Nor dress the funeral sod,
Where, with a love as deep as ours,
They left their dead with God.

The hard and thorny path they kept,
From beauty turned aside;
Nor missed they over those who slept
The grace to life denied.

Yet still the wilding flowers would blow,
The golden leaves would fall,
The seasons come, the seasons go,
And God be good to all.

Above the graves the blackberry hung
In bloom, and green its wreath,
And barebells swung as if they rung
The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share,
The gifts she hath for all,
The common light, the common air,
O'ercrept the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide,
The sunrise and the noon,
And glorified and sanctified
It slept beneath the moon.

With flowers or snow-flakes for its sod
Around the seasons ran,
And evermore the love of God
Rebuked the fear of man.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

And if we reap as we have sown,
And take the dole we deal,
The law of pain is love alone,
The wounding is to heal.

Unharmed from change to change we glide,
We fall as in our dreams;
The far-off terror, at our side
A smiling angel seems.

Secure on God's all-tender heart
Alike rest great and small:
Why fear to lose our little part,
When He is pledged for all?

O, fearful heart and troubled brain!
Take hope and strength from this—
That Nature never hints in vain,
Nor prophesies amiss.

Her wild birds sing the same sweet stave,
Her lights and airs are given
Alike to playground and the grave—
And over both is Heaven.

APPEAL AGAINST VANDALISM.—Fancy what we should have had around us now, if, instead of quarrelling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories. Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the middle ages, had not been ground to dust by mere human rage. You talk of the scythe of time, and the tooth of time: I tell you, time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm—we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish—ourselves who consume; we are the mildew, and the flame, and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth, that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it cannot illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its pathlessness to the desert: the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries.—*Ruskin.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A LADY AMONGST "ROUGHS."—The sort of material upon which this lady (Miss Marsh) had to work may be conjectured if we give the idea of heaven which entered into the mind of one of these roughs. "I wonder, Bill, whether it is true what they say of heaven being so happy—whether, now, it can be happier than sitting in the public over a good jug of ale, with a fiddle going? I don't know a pleasure as comes up to that."—*Lon. Times.*

——MR SPURGEON'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.—Preaching at Shipley, near Leeds, Mr. Spurgeon alluded to Dr. Dick's wish that he might spend an eternity in wandering from star to star. "For me," exclaims Mr. Spurgeon, "let it be my lot to pursue a more glorious study. My choice shall be this: I shall spend 5,000 years in looking into the wound in the left foot of Christ, and 5,000 years in looking into the wound in the right foot of Christ, and 10,000 years more in looking into the right hand of Christ, and 10,000 years more in looking into the wound in the left hand of Christ, and 20,000 years in looking into the wound in his side." It is well asked—is this religion?

——On the trial of Hastings, Burke turned the tables upon an opponent by knowledge of a word, in the following way: He wanted to have a letter of Hastings's read, that he might then go into certain evidence of the *animus* of the writer. The House decided that he should first prove the intention, and that then the letter should be read. "Be it so," said Burke, "but it is perfectly preposterous." The Lord Chancellor called him to order for using such a word. "My Lords," said Burke, "the word only means putting one thing before another; it is as though I had said your Lordships put the cart before the horse." No more was said.

——Amongst other subjects of curiosity now at the museum in the East India House is a small steel instrument set in velvet and leatherwork, which is so made that it can be fastened on the hand without being very perceptible on the outside; but inside the hand there are several steel claws, something like those of a cat—these were, it is said, covered with a powerful and never-failing poison; the implement was then worn by one of the great princes of India on the occasion of a solemn meeting between him and his victim; at the proper time they embraced each other, when a slight scratch was made on the back of the visitor, who speedily and mysteriously died.

——At Neuilly M. Carterton has invented a process of rendering wood, tissues of all sorts, theatrical decorations, &c., incombustible. The experiments a few days ago are reported to have been entirely successful. Ladies' dresses of the most gauze-like materials were set fire to and would not burn. An officer's tent, containing a bed with muslin curtains, resisted the application of numerous flaming torches. A cottage, half of which was secured by M. Carterton's preparation, and the other half filled with straw, was set on fire on the unprotected side; the flames raged with fury, and consumed half of the building, but the fire died away when it reached the prepared part, and left it altogether intact. A theatre, with all its scenery, ropes and decorations, was attempted to be burnt in vain.

——TUNNEL BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—Some time ago a French engineer, M. Thome de Gamond, published a plan for uniting England with France by means of a tunnel beneath the sea, from Bologne sur-Mer to Dover. We learn from Paris that the Emperor of the French regards such a tunnel as both desirable and practicable, and that by his orders M. de Gamond's plan was referred to a commission of government civil engineers, all eminent men. This commission, after examining the scheme in all its details, have come to the conclusion that it is feasible, and ought to be seriously entertained, and it has recommended the government to disburse £20,000 for the purpose of making investigations respecting it. The same commission recommended that the English government should be requested to say if it be disposed to take any part in these investigations.—*Literary Gazette.*

——Mr. Walter Savage Landor has the following dedication to a new work with the quaint title of "Dry Sticks," which he has just published:

"W. S. Landor to L. Kossuth, President of Hungary—At your gate I lay my fagot of 'Dry Sticks,' and go away. I offended you by attempting to bring fortune thither, whom I never solicited to favour me personally. My zeal was inconsiderate, but, perhaps, it ought to have offended less that lofty pride to which alone I was ever obsequious. Permit me to offer the only amends I can—permit me to show my respect and reverence toward the man who has worthily occupied a higher station than any one in this country can attain. The eloquence of Milton and Demosthenes failed in the support of their cause—the same cause and the same eloquence as yours. Supply me with your English, and I may be able at last to express my veneration of your virtues."

——Dr. Mackay, describing a trip in one of the American river steamers, says: "I asked the jet-black negro who waited on me to bring me some Lager beer. 'Can't do it, sar,' said he, with a grin. 'It's against the rules, sar.' 'What rules?' 'The rules of the ship. Ours is a Temperance boat, sar.' 'Then why don't you advertise it as a Temperance boat, that people may take their choice?' 'All the same, sar,' said the nigger, 'zackly the same. Can't let you have beer or wine at the table; but you go on, sar, to the barber's shop, and thar you'll get everything you want, sar—whiskey, rum, brandy, wine—all sorts, thar, sar.' It was even so. In each steamer is a barber's shop, handsomely fitted up, and where the traveller can have his hair cut, or cleaned, or washed, or where he may be shaved by a black barber; and where, whether the boat be a Temperance boat or a boat for the moderate enjoyment and use of the liquid blessings of life, he can obtain gin-slings and cock-tails, and whiskey-skins, and all the multifarious spirituous drinks of America."

——Mr. Clayton, author of a book on the Crimean campaign, met in his journey with a strong-min